MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT;

OR,

HIS WILLS AND HIS WAYS,

WHAT HE DID,

AND WHAT HE DIDN'T.

A Domestic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS,

FOUNDED ON CHARLES DICKENS'S POPULAR STORY.

BY

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AND

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MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of Pecksniff's House. A parlour door,* L. C., *practicable; table and tea things. Previous to the curtain rising, storm—music piano; wind very loud. A street door heard to slam to violently,* L. *Pause. Curtain rises abruptly.*

CHARITY *and* MERCY *discovered.*

CHARITY. (*at door,* L. C.) Who's there? Who's there, I say? Who is that knocking so alarmingly? A runaway knock, I declare! (*goes off and speaks outside,* L.) Ah! I see you, sir! You'll catch it! There you are, round the corner! I see your nose, sir! The police, sir—station house—mind that, sir! (PECKSNIFF *sneezes*) A sneeze! (PECKSNIFF *sneezes again*) My parent's sneeze!

MERCY. (*at door*) Lor, Cherry! what's the matter with pa'?

Goes off L. C., *and they re-enter, supporting* PECKSNIFF *to a chair and carrying his hat and cane.*

CHARITY. Speak, pa'!—do, pa'! Don't look so wild, pa'!

PECK. (*recovering*) I'm better now. The wind—the wind!

CHARITY. }
MERCY. } Poor pa'!

MERCY. Kiss me, pa'!—there! Cherry, put some pickled brown paper on his head.

PECK. Thank ye, my dear children. Even in the hour of calamity, let us not lose a moral lesson. What is man, but a street door—slammed to and fro by the wind of adversity? The very knocker's the very knob. Oh, my head!

CHARITY. It's not much. Pa's only hurt on the nobby parts. Have a little brandy in your tea, pa'?

MERCY. Lor, pa', you are getting quite bald! and, oh, my gracious! here's a bump! Is this an organ, pa'?

PECK. Phrenologically speaking, dear, it is not. Alas, this reminds me that we are but worms! (*placing his hand on his head*)

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Characters.

	Lyceum, July 8, 1844.	Strand Theatre, July 15, 1844.	Victoria, July 15, 1844.	Queen's, July 29, 1844.
MR. PECKSNIFF (*an Architect*)	Mr. F. Matthews.	Mr. H. Hall.	Mr. Dale.	Mr. Royer.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT (*the Elder*) ...	,, R. Younge.	,, Ayliffe.	,, James.	,, Renaud.
ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT (*Brother to Martin, senior*)		,, W. Searle.	,, Osbaldiston.	,, Johnson.
JONAS CHUZZLEWIT } (*His Nephews*)	,, Emery.	,, Attwood.	,, G. Maynard.	,, C. Williams.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT }	,, Vining.	,, Ranoe.	,, C. J. Bird.	,, Norton.
TOM PINCH (*Clerk to Pecksniff*)	,, Meadows.	,, A. Younge.	,, Seaman.	,, Reynolds.
MARK TAPLEY (*Waiter at "The Dragon"*)	,, Sanders.	,, Searle.	,, Henry.	,, Gray.
MONTAGUE TIGG, Esq. (*an Adventurer*) ...	,, A. Wigan.	,, Roberts.	,, J. Vining.	,, J. Parry.
CHUFFEY (*Clerk to Anthony Chuzzlewit*) ...		,, Conway.	,, Franklin.	,, Edwards.
BAILEY (*Errand Boy and Boots at Todgers'*)	Mrs. Keeley.	,, Cockrill.	Miss Vincent.	Miss Wrighten.
NADGETT (*a Detective*)	Mr. Turner.	,, Thompson.	Mr. T. Howard.	
MARY GRAHAM (*an Orphan*)	Miss Fortescue.	Mrs. C. Pope.	Miss Arden.	Miss Stoker.
CHARITY } (*Daughters of Pecksniff*)	Miss Woolgar.	Mrs. C. Melville.	Mrs. G. Lee.	Miss Gough.
MERCY }	Mrs. A. Wigan.	Miss Fitzjames.	Miss Hamilton.	Miss Rogers.
MRS. LUPIN	Mrs. Usher.	Mrs. Smythe.	Mrs. Garrick.	Mrs. Manders.
MRS. GAMP (*a Nurse*)	Mr. Keeley.	Mr. H. Hall.	Mr. J. Herbert.	Mr. Manders.

Present Time.

(Programme of Scenery, Costumes, &c., at the End.)

MERCY. Lor', pa'! Have worms heads of hair?

PECK. No, innocent, they have not—not generally. I meant flesh and blood. Well, my children, I have obtained another pupil.

CHARITY. A young man, papa?

PECK. Ye-es—a young gentleman.

MERCY. And is he handsome, pa'?

CHARITY. What's the premium, pa'? Tell us that.

MERCY. Good gracious, Charity, what a mercenary girl you are! Yes, pa', tell us the premium; you naughty, thoughtful, prudent thing! (*slapping her sister playfully*)

PECK. I do not positively expect any immediate premium with him; though future advantages may—But what of that! Thank Providence, I can gaze calmly on the architecture of this manly heart, and find no selfish basement! John Westlock is gone, I hope?

CHARITY. Indeed, no!

PECK. And why not? His term expired yesterday.

CHARITY. He slept last night at Mrs. Lupin's—the Blue Dragon. Had Mr. Pinch to dine with him, and Mr. Pinch didn't come home till very late, and smelt of tobacco—ugh!

PECK. Now, I think Mr. Pinch might have done better than choose for his companion such an individual as John Westlock. It was not delicate in Mr. Pinch—it was not kind in Mr. Pinch—I am not quite sure it was ordinarily grateful in Mr. Pinch.

CHARITY. But what can any one expect from Mr. Pinch?

PECK. He is a fellow-creature, my love. I say he is a fellow-creature, and we should look with indulgent eyes on all fellow-creatures—even the most degraded, which Mr. Pinch is not. No, no—he is not; but Mr. Pinch has hurt my feelings; but I don't think the less of human nature on this account. No—thank mercy!—I love my fellow-creatures. I may say, I love—Sugar, my dear! (*holding out cup—a diffident and gentle tap heard at door*, L. C.)

PECK. (*turns his back*) Come in!

Enter TOM PINCH, *door*, L. C.—*he advances—tableau—music—see illustration of the novel.*

PINCH. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Pecksniff, for intruding, but—but——

PECK. Mr. Pinch, you are wrong—very wrong; but I do forgive you.

PINCH. Thank you, sir—thank you sincerely! (*aside*) What have I done, I wonder! (*aloud*) Mrs. Lupin, of the Dragon, is at the door, sir, much agitated, and desires to see you immediately, sir. Shall I send her in?

CHARITY. Send her in? Monster! What—here? How dare you think of such a thing, you wretch?

PECK. My innocent, he is a fellow-creature; she's a fellow-creature. Yes, Mr. Pinch, you may send her in.

PINCH. Thankye, sir—thank you kindly! (*aside*) No, no; John was wrong; I'm sure he was. He has a good and a kind heart; I'm sure he has. He's so forgiving, too.

Exit at door, L. C.

PECK. That domestic viper—but no matter; I forgive him! Hem! He's useful.

Enter MRS. LUPIN, *hastily*, *door*, L.

MRS. L. Oh, Mr. Pecksniff, I beg pardon, sir. I beg pardon, young ladies; but I'm frightened out of my five wits.

PECK. Mrs. Lupin, be calm! What have you to say?

MRS. L. Oh, dear, sir! An old gentleman has been taken so ill upon the road, and I fear he's dying at my house.

PECK. Hum! Dying at your house, eh? Well!

MRS. L. Yes, sir. Such convulsions—such spasms!

PECK. Mrs. Lupin, I am an architect and surveyor. Now, though architecture is a noble and comprehensive art, I can't exactly perceive how it can be brought to bear on cramps and spasms.

MRS. L. Ah, sir, but you are such a good moral man, and can talk to him so. Do, sir—pray come and pacify him.

PECK. Why, really, Mrs. Lupin, I——

CHARITY. Pa', what would you do. It may be a fever.

MERCY. Oh, lor' pa'! Suppose it should!

PECK. True—it may. Yes—it may be a fever. No; I love my fellow-creatures, but I couldn't possibly think—Who is attending upon him?

MRS. L. Only a young lady, sir. He won't—he says—see a living soul else. Threatens, rages, swears he'd rather die first, and truly I think he will. Ah, riches can't buy health!

PECK. (*turning quickly*) Rich!

CHARITY. } Pa'! (*fixing their eyes on him*)
MERCY. }

PECK. Rich—dying—and no one with him!

CHARITY. } You had better go, pa'.
MERCY. }

PECK. Mrs. Lupin, I will accompany you. To render comfort to a fellow-creature, high or low, is to me a self-recompensing trouble. My hat, Charity.

CHARITY. Yes, pa'. (*bustling*)

PECK. A young lady you say with him?—his daughter? My cane, Mercy.

MERCY. Yes, pa'. (*bustling*)

MRS. L. She says not; neither daughter, granddaughter, nor wife.

PECK. Um!—rather mysterious! And rich, eh?

MRS. L. From appearances, very rich.

PECK. My dear children, make haste! (CHARITY *and* MERCY *advance with hat and cane, which* PECKSNIFF *takes hastily*) Mrs. Lupin, I attend you. I love my fellow-creatures so devotedly, that—(*turns to his daughters*) Tell that viper, if he dares—hem! never mind now—(*to* MRS. LUPIN) so devotedly, Mrs. Lupin, that all personal consideration is—After you, Mrs. Lupin—oh!

MRS. LUPIN *curtseys refusal;* PECKSNIFF *putting on his hat, and smiling blandly, passes across meekly and exits,* L. C., MRS. LUPIN *curtseys to* LADIES, *and follows.*

CHARITY. Mercy! (*looking at her*)

MERCY. Cherry! (*doing the same*)

CHARITY. Suppose this old gentleman was to leave pa' some money?

MERCY. Or a park, or a palace? Oh, gracious! Why didn't you throw an old shoe after pa'?

CHARITY. Oh lud, ah! Run—run up stairs, and throw a pair out of window!

MERCY. Boots will be better luck. Throw boots!

Exeunt hastily, R. 1 E. *Clear stage.*

SCENE SECOND.—*An Apartment at the "Dragon."*

OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT *discovered lying on a couch—he has a dressing gown on;* PECKSNIFF *seated at the foot;* MARY *at work at a small table,* L. *A stand at head of couch, with writing materials on it; taper burning, &c.*

PECK. (*staring at* OLD MARTIN) Can I believe my eyes? Yes—yes—you are Martin Chuzzlewit!

OLD M. (*looking at him sternly*) I am Martin Chuzzlewit; and Martin Chuzzlewit wishes you had been hanged, before you had come here to disturb him! Ugh! Why I dreamed of this fellow before I knew that he was near me.

PECK. My good cousin——

OLD M. There, there!—his first words assert his relationship. They all do it—near or distant—blood or water—it's all one. Pha!—what a calendar of deceit, and lying, and false witnessing the sound of any name of kindred opens before me.

PECK. My dear cousin, you will regret being hasty—I know you will.

OLD M. (*contemptuously*) You know! Mary, your arm.

PECK. Let me, my dear cousin. (*offering to assist him up*)

OLD M. No, no—not from you. Mary! (*rising*—MARY *assists him to rise*)

PECK. Don't imagine I came to court or flatter you on account of your wealth; nothing—nothing is further from my intention. Lying as you do on that couch, I regard you as a stranger. I offer you my humble services; and if you desire to speak with me before I go, you may command my leisure—strictly as a stranger.

OLD M. (*after a pause*) Mary, leave me.

(MARY *curtseys and exits*, L. 1 E., PECKSNIFF *watching her anxiously*—OLD MARTIN *notices it*)

Sir, you shall be gratified. I am a rich man, but no miser—I have no pleasure in hoarding. There was a time—(*with bitter remembrance, and checking himself*) No matter—nor am I lavish. Gold!—I hate it! It is a spectre walking before me through the world, and making every social pleasure hideous! You would advise me to get rid of this source of misery—transfer it to some one who could bear it better. You perhaps would rid me of this curse?

PECK. Curse, my dear cousin?

OLD M. Not that word!

PECK. I beg pardon—sir.

OLD M. Aye!—better! Yes, the curse of my existence is, that by the golden standard which I bear about me, I am doomed to try the metal of all other men, and find it false and hollow.

PECK. Not all, my good sir—not all. *I*——

OLD M. (*stopping him*) All—all, Pecksniff! And you—smooth-tongued and plausible as you are—I recognise the ring of *your* metal. I have never found one nature—no, not one—in which, being wealthy and alone, I was not forced to detect the latent corruption that lay hid within it. Knowing this, judge what profit you are like to gain by any repetition of this visit, and leave me. I hate expectant relatives. Relatives? Wolves! I've fled from all who knew me; I've taken refuge in secret places; have lived of late the life of one who is hunted, and yet they scent and follow on my track like bloodhounds. There was one—but that's past! The young girl you saw just now—Ah! what! Your eye lightens when I talk of her! You hate her already, do you?

PECK. Upon my word, sir——

OLD M. True! I forgot you were a stranger. For the moment, you reminded me of one, Pecksniff, a—cousin of mine. As I was saying, that young girl is an orphan child,

whom with one steady purpose I have bred and educated; if you prefer the word—adopted. She is my constant companion, and my only one. I have taken, as she knows, a solemn oath never to leave her sixpence when I die. She is bound to me in life by ties of interest, and losing by my death, and having no expectation disappointed, will, perchance, mourn it. This, now, is the only kind of friend I have, or will have—therefore, leave me.

PECK. (*rising*) Hem! Mr. Chuzzlewit——

OLD M. There! go—go. I'm weary of you. There is the door.

PECK. Thank you! I see it. I am going; but before I do go I crave to speak. (*taking out pocket-handkerchief*) I will not say you are mistaken in me. You'll excuse this weakness! (*wiping eyes*) We will say it arises from a cold in the head, is attributable to snuff, smelling salts, or onions, or anything but the real cause.

OLD M. Leave me! (*aside*) Fawning hypocrite!

PECK. But, sir, it will not do for you to be unmindful of all your relations; particularly your grandson, young Martin, whom I am about to receive as a pupil into my house. He has the strongest claim upon you. You must provide for that fatherless young man—you will provide for him.

OLD M. (*angrily*) Go, sir—go, I say! Name not that youth again. All here is dead—cold to him as the grave. (*striking his breast*) Leave me!

PECK. You will provide for him—and bless you for it!

OLD M. Again!

PECK. Bless you for doing right! Bless you for hating me! Bless you for——

OLD M. Pah! Humbug!

PECK. Bless you, sir, for that! Good night! (*putting on hat*) Kind, generous—— (OLD MARTIN *waves his hand*) How cursed obstinate he is! *Exit*, L. 1 E.

OLD M. His pupil! What does this mean? False-hearted boy! Another wound to the heart that loved him! And to inflict it, he would become the tool of yonder designing, hypocritical villain! But why not—why not? Did he not conspire against me, like the rest! That wound festers—rankles at my heart, deeper than all. But I can avenge myself. This will shall blight all hope arising from my death. (*producing will from his breast*) Another shall be made. Oh, could I have found one pure, disinterested love! But no, no! All self, self, self! There! (*lighting and burning the will*) There, ungrateful boy; so perish thy expectation and thy hope! (*throwing himself on couch, and watching the burning will upon the ground*)

Re-enter MARY *and* MRS. LUPIN, L.

MRS. L. Oh, gracious! Help, help! He's set fire to the house!

MARY. Martin, sir—dear sir! What would you do? (*running up to him*)

OLD M. (*leaping up, and keeping them off*) Revenge myself upon a villain!—(*picture*)

SCENE THIRD.—*A Road.*

Enter TOM PINCH, R.

PINCH. Forget him! Come now, I like that. No, no—I shan't forget John Westlock. (*proudly*) Ah! he always said my playing on the organ in our old church pleased him. He's a fine fellow! He's only got one fault—he don't mean it, I know—he doesn't like Pecksniff.

Enter MARK TAPLEY, L.

What are you looking so merry about?

TAPLEY. I'm thinking, Mr. Pinch, of leaving the "Dragon," and being jolly.

PINCH. Leave the "Dragon?" Bless me!—what complaint have you against Mrs. Lupin?

TAPLEY. Complaint against Mrs. Lupin? She's the best and kindest of mistresses!—I'd die to serve her! I'm too comfortable at the "Dragon;" there's no credit in a man being jolly there. I want to come out strong, under circumstances that would make other men miserable, but I can't get a chance.

PINCH. What a queer fellow you are, Mark. I thought you and Mrs. Lupin were going to be married—I did indeed.

TAPLEY. I've thought of that too. No—that would be too comfortable. There might be some credit in being jolly with a wife if she had a devil of a temper!—if the children had the measles or the whooping cough, and were very fractious indeed!—but I'm afraid to try it—I might get a good un—that would never do. No, sir; I must get a grave-digger's place, or mute to an undertaker. I could be jolly then! I could come out strong then, I am sure!

PINCH. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are an odd fellow, Mark! I thought you would have been landlord of the "Dragon" some day.

TAPLEY. Lord help you! I must have been jolly then. No, no—there's no credit in that. I want to get into trouble—danger—difficulties; to be useful to myself and others in

misery and misfortune; in short, to be jolly, and come out strong under the most spifflicating circumstances. Good-bye, Mr. Pinch—good-bye. *Exit*, R. 1 E.

PINCH. (*who has been buried in thought*) But, now, what is your opinion of Mr. Pecksniff? (*turning and finding he is alone*) Eh! why, he's gone. Bless me! I'd forgot I've got to bring the new pupil home, so I have. *Hurries off*, L. 1 E.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Pecksniff's Parlour. Table with wine, cake, sandwiches, and half an orange on it; chairs.*

ANTHONY *and* JONAS CHUZZLEWIT, PECKSNIFF, TIGG, CHARITY *and* MERCY *discovered seated.*

JONAS. Well, Pecksniff, that's just what we have come about. Old Martin Chuzzlewit was laid up, we heard, and so father and I came down to look after the old fellow. We followed him to this village, and here he's laid up again. He'll croak, that's very evident; and, as we are his near relations, we ought to look sharp after him—and the money. You'd like to get it all to yourself, Pecksniff, I know—but you won't.

ANTHONY. Shrewd lad, Jonas, my own son!—shrewd lad!

PECK. Indeed, you wrong me. Money to me is no temptation. No one values it less than I do.

TIGG. (*aside*) Lucky for me. (*aloud*) I'm sure of that. You wrong my worthy friend, Pecksniff. He's an open, liberal-hearted individual. Pecksniff, a word or two. (*rising*) Excuse us. (PECKSNIFF *and* TIGG *advance*, C.)

ANTHONY. Yes—plot, plot against us, do. Never mind—never mind; we'll outwit them, won't we, Jonas?

JONAS. There, hold your tongue! (JONAS *during this scene is occupied with* CHARITY *and* MERCY)

PECK. Pardon me, sir; but as yet I am not thoroughly acquainted with who you are.

TIGG. Who I am? Tigg, sir—I'm Tigg—the particular friend of Chevy Slyme, Esq. You know Chevy—a nephew of Chuzzlewit? By chance—quite chance—we happened to be in this place on our way to—what do you call it—you know the place—when Chiv deputed me to call and consult you respecting the health of his relative.

PECK. Why did not Mr. Slyme come himself?

TIGG. He's waiting round the corner. Every man of true genius has his peculiarity, and the peculiarity of my friend Slyme is, that he is always waiting round a corner. In a word, Pecksniff, my friend Chiv deputed me to deliver that note into your hands.

PECK. (*reads*) Hum! he requires the loan of five shillings.

TIGG. Five shillings, eh? What an extraordinary fellow! Very moderate, too, isn't he? You are not in want of change, are you?

PECK. No, thank you.

TIGG. Oh! if you had, I'd have got it for you.

PECK. Sir, you are very obliging. No.

TIGG. Oh! (*pause—they look at each other*) Perhaps you'd rather not lend Slyme five shillings?

PECK. I'd rather not.

TIGG. Egad! you may be right. Would you entertain the same objection to lending *me* five shillings, now?

PECK. I couldn't do it.

TIGG. Half-a-crown, perhaps?

PECK. No, not even half-a-crown, sir.

TIGG. Why then, we come to the ridiculously small amount of eighteen pence, eh? Ha, ha, ha!

PECK. That, sir, would be equally objectionable.

TIGG. (*seizing both his hands*) Pecksniff, you are one of the most consistent and remarkable men I ever met with. I earnestly desire to become better acquainted with you. You are really a noble-hearted individual! (*to* JONAS) Sir, your servant;—Chuzzlewit, yours;—ladies, yours to your shoe-strings. (*aside*) I'll hook this agreeable party yet somehow. (*aloud*) Ta-ta! *Exit*, L. C.

PECK. (*advancing*) I repeat it, Mr. Chuzzlewit, I merely visited the invalid from feelings of humanity.

ANTHONY. Humanity! Pecksniff, you are a hypocrite—we are all hypocrites—I'm a hypocrite, so is my son!

JONAS. Speak for yourself, you old fool! That's rather a nice girl of yours, Pecksniff! she's got money, I know. (*aside*) She that laughs so. I think she laughs at the old un here. (*aloud*) Good-bye, girls! Good-bye, Cherry! I must have a kiss before I go.

CHARITY. Oh! really, Mr. Jonas—I declare—I'm so ——

JONAS. Don't alarm yourself, I don't mean you. I shall have a kiss of the other one. (*attempts to kiss her*)

MERCY. Indeed you shan't. Go along, you fright, do! I hate you!

JONAS. I say I will.

MERCY. Will you?—bear! (*slaps his face*)

JONAS. (*savagely, aside*) I should like to make your heart bleed for that! (*aloud*) Come along, father; stir your stupid old legs, will you. Good-bye. (*he turns to look back*—MERCY *laughs at him*)

MERCY. Go along, fright!

JONAS *scowls and exits*, L. C., *followed by* ANTHONY.

PECK. Oh! avarice, avarice—how hideous are you! But

let us not be too hard upon our fellow-creatures. (*looking at watch*) It is near the time, my children, that I expect Mr. Pinch home with my new pupil, and I think it will be prudent not to tell him that his kinsman, old Martin Chuzzlewit, is in the vicinity. I abhor deceit; but—(*a knock*) There's a knock! Be employed, children. (*takes book*) It may be Martin. (*they sit—he reads, they work*)

Enter TOM PINCH, *conducting in* YOUNG MARTIN, L. C.

PECK. (*looking up*) Bless my life! Martin, my dear boy, I am delighted to welcome you to our poor house. (*embraces him*) Here are my daughters, Martin. You have not beheld them since you were infants together. (*the* LADIES *curtsey, and he shakes hands with them*)

MARTIN. I trust that acquaintance will be sufficient to make us feel as old friends.

PECK. A noble sentiment, my dear young man. We are a happy family, sir—very happy! Martin, you must be tired. My innocents, retire, whilst my dear Martin partakes of some refreshment. (CHARITY *and* MERCY *rise, and take their work with them*)

MERCY. Certainly, pa'. (*aside and going*) What a charming fellow!

CHARITY. (*aside and going*) He's rather duckish, I must say!

MARTIN. Pray, ladies, don't move. (*they smile blandly*)

PINCH. Yes—pray, ladies, don't go.

MERCY *bursts into a loud laugh at* PINCH, *and* CHARITY *tosses up her head. Exeunt,* R. 1 E.

PECK. A deal of Nature's graceful dignity in my eldest child—a noble creature! As to Merry, as we call her, in her face "laughter is perpetually holding both his sides," as the poet has it. An innocent lamb! My dear Martin, here are sandwiches, biscuits, home-made wine, an orange, almost—Mr. Pinch will get you anything else you require.

Enter SERVANT GIRL, L. C.

SERVANT. You are wanted, sir. An elderly gentleman——

PECK. (*stopping him*) Hem! yes, that will do—I'm coming.

Exit SERVANT, L. C.

There's a portfolio yonder; you can amuse yourself. All my own designs. Salisbury Cathedral from the north, south, east, west—a wine cellar—an almshouse—a jail—a powder magazine—a portico and a pump—all my own designs! I shall soon return. You must be very hungry, so eat heartily.

Exit, L. C.

PINCH. Yes, eat heartily. Look! here are sandwiches, home-made wine, and half an orange.

MARTIN. (*throwing himself carelessly into a chair before the fire*, R., *and putting his feet on the hobs*) D—n the sandwiches and home-made wine!—rubbish! (*tableau—music*)

PINCH. Oh dear! you don't mean it!—beautiful!

MARTIN. Do you think so? Then eat, and enjoy it. Heigho!

PINCH. (*fills glass, and sits on stool beside him*) How melancholy you are. You were not so as we came home together.

MARTIN. Why, the fact is, Tom——(MARTIN *turns, and seeing* TOM *sitting on the stool behind him, bursts into a fit of laughter*)

PINCH. Ah! you are laughing at me. That's right!—cheer up!—that's capital!

MARTIN. I never saw such a fellow as you are, Tom. Deuce take it! I must talk openly to some one—I'll talk openly to you, Pinch.

PINCH. Thank'ee, now do. I shall take it as being very friendly of you.

MARTIN. I'm not in your way, am I?

PINCH. Not at all.

MARTIN. You must know, then, that I've been bred up with great expectations; but, for certain reasons, I've been disinherited.

PINCH. (*eating*) By your father?

MARTIN. No, my grandfather. I have no parents.

PINCH. No! Neither have I. Ah—dear!

MARTIN. The old fellow has many good points, but two very great faults. He is provokingly obstinate, and most abominably selfish.

PINCH. Is he, though? Bless me!

MARTIN. I've heard they have always been the failings of our family, but—thank heaven!—those vices have not descended to me. You don't care about the fire, do you? It's infernally cold!

PINCH. Oh, dear, no—not at all. Go on. (MARTIN *spreads himself before the fire, hiding it entirely from* TOM)

MARTIN. Well, Pinch, I fell in love with my grandfather's adopted daughter—his companion. Being full of jealousy and distrust, he suspected me of this.

PINCH. Well, there was no crime in that.

MARTIN. Of course not! Well, he said nothing to her, but charged me with attempting to deprive him of the young creature he had trained to be his only companion; when at the same time he had arranged for me to marry in some way of his own, and to his heart's content.

PINCH. Well, and what did you say? (*drawing close up*)

MARTIN. Say! Why, I started up! (*rising and knocking*

over TOM PINCH) Told him he was a selfish old tyrant, and that I would dispose of myself in marriage as I liked, and without the slightest reference to his inclination. A tremendous quarrel ensued, and the upshot was—that I must renounce *her* or be renounced by *him*. Now, you know, I'm confoundedly—confoundedly——

PINCH. Obstinate, too!

MARTIN. (*angrily*) No. What a fellow you are.

PINCH. I thought you wanted a word.

MARTIN. I didn't want *that* word. Obstinacy is no part of my character. I wouldn't give an inch; and here I am.

PINCH. (*still on the ground*) Yes, here we are! You knew Pecksniff before?

MARTIN. Only by name; but I know his nature. I saw his advertisement for a pupil, and was doubly bent on coming to him, on account of his being——

PINCH. Such an excellent man! You are quite right—so he is!

MARTIN. I am not quite sure of that. No; because I knew my grandfather hated him, and after the old man's behaviour, I was determined to annoy him all in my power.

PINCH. No—were you, though?

MARTIN. But I won't lose the girl!

PINCH. Don't be angry; all will be well in time; and if I can serve you——

MARTIN. Thankye! You're a good fellow! (*shaking hands*) I'll tell you what you may do—and this moment, too, if you like.

PINCH. (*readily*) What is it, my dear fellow?

MARTIN. I'm out of temper and tired. I'll go and lie down, and you come and read to me.

PINCH. I shall be delighted! (*producing book*)

MARTIN. (*yawning*) You needn't leave off when I'm getting drowsy. It's pleasant to wake gradually to the sounds again. Did you ever try it?

PINCH. No, never!

MARTIN. It's very pleasant. Try it when you can persuade some simple-minded fellow to do it. *Exeunt*, L.

Enter PECKSNIFF, *bowing, followed by* OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, L. C.

OLD M. You are quite alone? You are sure of that?

PECK. (*bowing lowly*) Quite, my dear sir, quite! My daughters are in their rooms, and——

OLD M. (*impatiently*) Yes, yes! But is *he*—is he out of the way? I do not choose to encounter him.

PECK. Your grandson, Martin? Yes; he is now taking repose after his journey.

Old M. (*sitting*) Enough. Pecksniff, I regret that you and I held such a conversation as that of our last meeting.

Peck. Don't mention it, my dear cousin; I was honoured by it. I——

Old M. (*waves silence*) I repeat it—I very much regret having laid open to you what were then my thoughts of you so freely as I did. I am changed. My intentions are now altered. Deserted by those whom I loved, by those for whom I laboured, lived, thought—beset by harpies, I now fly to you for refuge. I confide in you to attach yourself to me by ties of interest and expectation, and to help me to visit the consequences of meanness, dissimulation and subtlety on the right heads.

Peck. My noble sir, pray offer no bribes—from the purest affection, the purest love, the purest admiration of your excellent and generous nature, I am yours—heart and soul yours—beloved sir, I am yours.

Old M. Do you never sit down?

Peck. Why yes, occasionally.

Old M. Will you do so now?

Peck. Delighted, my dear sir.

Old M. You remember what passed between us at a former interview.

Peck. I do, dear sir; and came home and prayed fervently that the film might fall from your blessed eyes, and that you might see me in my proper light.

Old M. Pecksniff, I will see you in your proper light. You spoke to me disinterestedly of—I needn't name him—you know whom I mean.

Peck. Quite disinterestedly, I assure you.

Old M. He is in your house as a pupil?

Peck. Yes, sir; he is.

Old M. He must quit it.

Peck. For yours?

Old M. For any shelter he can find. He has deceived me—he may you.

Peck. I hope not; I abominate deceit.

Old M. He has made his matrimonial choice—crossed my fondest hopes; he shall never have from me one shilling.

Peck. I'll turn him out directly! The serpent—the viper—to practise on those venerable grey hairs—to deceive his more than father, to say nothing at all of mother. To turn him out with ignominy will be treatment too good for such a crime.

Old M. I am glad to find you so consistent, and that you second me so warmly. Pecksniff, I should like to remain here for a time.

PECK. My dear sir, the house, all that it contains—

OLD M. Is yours. (*rising*) Pecksniff, you shall be my factor in all things—free and uncontrolled. Is it a bargain? (*holding out hand*)

PECK. (*trying to cry and appear overcome*) This is too much my—my dear sir—the honor—the——

OLD M. (*aside*) Pah! You agree?

PECK. Oh, yes! (*putting his handkerchief to his eyes as if overpowered*)

OLD M. 'Tis well! Banish this boy, and you will prove I am not deceived in you. Pecksniff—I am yours!

PECK. Oh! (*bowing servilely*)

MARTIN *views him for a moment with ineffable contempt, then exits,* R.—PECKSNIFF *wiping his eyes and bowing.*

Enter MERCY *and* CHARITY, L. C.

MERCY. Lor, pa, what is the reason of the old man changing so?

PECK. My beloved children, my conduct towards this blind old man has been so upright, so manly, so undismayed and fearless, that——

CHARITY. What a nice old gentleman after all. What nice pickings we shall have. But pray, pa, turn that horrid young man out of the house at once! Engaged to be married and not tell us! Oh! shamefnl!

Enter TOM PINCH, L. 1 E.

PECK. (*blandly*) Well, Tom—honest Tom?

PINCH. Beg pardon, but Mr. Martin has just made a sketch for the grammar school, and really it is one of the prettiest designs I ever——

PECK. Mr. Pinch, favour me by being silent. Name not that young man. Where is he?

PINCH. He's just coming down with it, sir.

Enter MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, L. 1 E.

MARTIN. Mr. Pinch tells me, sir, you wished for a design for a grammar school.

PECK. (*turning his back and disregarding him*) Sit down, Mr. Pinch—pray sit down. (*takes a chair and sits, turning his back to* MARTIN)

MARTIN. I have just sketched this elevation——

(*the* MISSES PECKSNIFF *toss their heads and take chairs, turning their backs on him*)

PECK. And what have you been doing, Mr. Pinch?

MARTIN. (*looks astonished*) Sir, may I claim your attention?

PECK. Yes, what have you been doing, Thomas, eh?

MARTIN. (*advancing*) Mr. Pecksniff, will you have the goodness to tell me the meaning of this behaviour.

PECK. Innocents, what may you be doing?

MARTIN. (*loudly, and rapping on the table*) Mr. Pecksniff, will you do me the favour to reply, if you please? May I ask what you mean by this?

PECK. (*coldly*) I'll talk to you, sir, presently. (*without turning*)

MARTIN. Presently will not do, sir; I must trouble you to tell me at once, or——

PECK. Do you threaten me, sir? I lament to say it would be quite in keeping with your character, if you did. You have deceived me, sir, (*rising*) You have obtained admission into this house on perverted statements, and on false pretences, sir.

MARTIN. Oh, indeed! Go on! I understand you now, sir. What more?

PINCH. Dear, dear; it's all a mistake.

PECK. Silence, Pinch!

MERCY. } Hold your tongue, Pinch! (*suddenly darting*
CHARITY. } *round in their chairs, and screaming it out*)

MARTIN. Pinch, be quiet! What more, sir?

PECK. What more, sir? This much more. This lowly roof must not be contaminated by the presence of one who has cruelly deceived an honourable, beloved, venerated, and venerable gentleman. I weep for your depravity, sir; but I cannot have a leper and a serpent for an inmate.

MARTIN. Contemptible hypocrite! (*advancing*—PINCH *stops him*)

PINCH. No, no, no—stop now, do.

MARTIN. Let me go, Pinch. Why do you hold me? Do you think a blow could make him a more abject creature than he is? Look at him! Look at him, Pinch!

PECK. Yes, sir; look at me—an honest man. Look at me!

MERCY. } Hold him tight, Pinch!
CHARITY. }

MARTIN. Honest! I know you, sir, and tell you to your face, that as you stand there disgraced, bought, used—a lying fawning, servile hound—you are the very last and worst among the vermin of the earth! And mark me, Pinch, the day will come, he knows—see it written on his face the while I speak—when even you will find him out, will know him as I do, and as he knows I do!

PECK. (*by the table in front*) Go forth, sir! Like all who know you, I renounce you, viper!

MARTIN. You renounce me! Villain! (*he makes a desperate*

rush at PECKSNIFF, *who in his fright starts back and tumbles over table, in his fall he grasps at the table cover to save himself, and pulls over the whole that is on it—the* MISSES PECKSNIFF *scream and snatching up some fragments to throw at the other, stand on the defensive over the fallen* PECKSNIFF—PINCH *restraining* MARTIN, *who exclaims*) Behold the renouncer, Pinch! Ha, ha, ha! (*tableau*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

An Interval of a Month occurs.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*An Apartment in Todgers' Boarding House, London; chairs, table, door in flat,* L.

CHARITY *and* MERCY *discovered at needlework.*

CHARITY. I shall soon have finished, dear, and then we'll go out and meet pa.

MERCY. Yes, and Mr. Moddle said he would walk with us.

CHARITY. Mr. Moddle, indeed! Mr. Moddle seems mightily struck with you.

MERCY. Lud! You needn't be so jealous about that, my dear; I don't want him; you may have Mr. Moddle all to yourself. (*a double knock at the street door—rather distant*)

CHARITY. May I, indeed! Perhaps I could have engaged Mr. Moddle's attentions first, if I had chosen. Really, Merry, I think your head's quite turned with this three weeks' visit to town.

MERCY. No wonder at it, with all the gentlemen in this boarding house flattering one so. It's really vastly agreeable.

CHARITY. (*with conceited asperity*) Is it, indeed!

Enter BAILEY, *very abruptly, door,* L.—*a muddy Wellington boot on one hand, and a shoe brush in the other.*

BAILEY. (*placing hand with brush to the side of his mouth, and shouting at the top of his voice*) Va—ri—e—ty! (*they start and scream*) Ah! Ah! How is ye? Vot, I made you jump did I? I say, vot d've think—give it up, eh? I'm blest if here ain't a gentleman at the door as vants to see you, Miss.

CHARITY. A gentleman for me! My gracious, Bailey!

BAILEY. Ah! it is my gracious, ain't it! P'rhaps he vants to stick up to you; Oh, wouldn't I if I vos him! Oh, no! Vouldn't I, not at all!

CHARITY. Don't be so familiar, Bailey, sir. A gentleman for me! You must have made a mistake.

BAILEY. Mistake! I hopes I knows vot o'clock it is in gineral—gentlemen never vants young ladies; on, no! In course not. Ah, ah! D'ye see anything green about me?

CHARITY. Don't be rude, sir. Did he give his name?

BAILEY. Rayther; and I took it, too! The card's got into the toe of this 'ere boot. (*knocking it out, and reading it*) Here it is. Mr. J, O, N, A, S, Jonas Kuzzlewit. A verry pretty name, isn't it? and so would Mrs. Jonas Kuzzlewit be, neither; wouldn't it—eh? Oh, no—not at all!

MERCY. Oh! it's that fright, Jonas, is it? Send him up here, Bailey.

CHARITY. Yes, show him in here, sir.

BAILEY. Oh! it's all right, I sees. I say, there's fowls for dinner to-day—sich skinny uns—and weal cutlets. Missus is frying 'em now; and dodging about with a fork for the tender bits, and a eating on 'em. (*sniffing up his breath*) I say, don't you smell nuffin'? Oh no, not at all. I'll shew what's-his-name up, like vinkin'. I say, (*placing the hand with boot on it on his breast*) vot a painful thing it is to be sweet upon anybody, isn't it? Oh no, not at all!

Exit at door, L., *winking knowingly.*

MERCY. Oh, Charity, let us go and put our hair right. He's a great quiz, though he is such a fright.

CHARITY. What! you want to captivate him too?

MERCY. No, Cherry love, no. You may have him too, (*aside*) if you can catch him.

CHARITY. Indeed, miss, you are setting your cap at every creature!

MERCY. I? Well, I never! *Exeunt wrangling*, R.

BAILEY. (*without*) This way, sir. (*a tumbling noise*) Vot a tumbling up stairs! Oh, cry!—isn't that a sign of nuffin' neither!—not of a veddin', eh? In here, sir. Foller me.

Enter BAILEY, *conducting* JONAS, L.

(*looking round*) Hollo! blest if the ladies han't a-bolted! They'll be back directly, I dare say. They've only gone to make 'emselves spicy.

JONAS. I can't wait all day—tell 'em so. (*a loud knock*)

BAILEY. Blow'd if our street door hasn't got a palpitation of the knocker. It'll catch a inflammation of the 'inges. I must give it a opening draught. *Exit, door*, L.

JONAS. I should like to make a match with that youngest gal. Of course, her dad would come down with the tin; and then, if that old father of mine would die—(*aside*) which I rather

think he will before long—I should be a rich man, and do as I please; have my own way, and——

Re-enter BAILEY, L.

BAILEY. Here's a gentleman a coming up stairs as knows you. He said he seed you come in. He didn't wait for axing up, he didn't!—blest if he didn't valk through me and the door too!

Enter TIGG, *dressed in the extreme of fashion, door*, L.

TIGG. Ah, my dear fellow!—quite well? The very man I was wanting to see. (*to* BAILEY) Here, you—what-is-it! with a nose like winkle shell!—here's a shilling for you. Vanish!—quick!—presto!—cut!

BAILEY. You makes yourself at home, you does! Vouldn't Mother Todgers like him to hang out here neither. Shall I get you a boot jack and slippers, sir?

TIGG. Get out!

BAILEY. And out I goes, as the vind said to the bellus. Variety! *Exit* BAILEY, *door*, L.

TIGG. Sharp boy that! Well, how are you?

JONAS. Why, I have no money to lend, if that's what you want; though it seems you've dropped somebody in for it. (*looking at* TIGG'S *dress*) Well, there are some soft chaps in the world, anyhow.

TIGG. A long lane that has no turning, Chuzzlewit! My dear friend, Chivy Slyme, and I have met with a few speculative spirits, and we are now on the high road to fortune. Road, did I say? Ha, ha, ha! We have passed the porter's lodge, and are gaily dashing up to the very portals of Fortune's palace! Harkye! What do you think of "The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company?" What do you think of that, eh? Paid-up capital—a figure of 2, and as many oughts after it as the printer can get into the same line.

JONAS. I know all about paid-up capital.

TIGG. Here's a prospectus. Tigg Montague, Esquire, chairman.

JONAS. Tigg, who's he?

TIGG. Behold him here! Life size, warranted original. (*placing himself in attitude, with glass to his eye*)

JONAS. Well, and what do you want of me?

TIGG. Here's my card. I'm living in Pall Mall. Give me a call; come and dine. I want you to join us—sprinkle a little capital, and reap a rich harvest of profit.

JONAS. You—you don't mean to say it's a speculation of *yours?*

Tigg. Of mine, and some other fellows of equal genius. Proof of success, *vide* appearance.

Jonas. I see, I see—it's a swindle!

Tigg. Some people won't see the distinction between peculation and speculation. It's a spec. Join us. Wealth, immense wealth must necessarily pass though our hands. The affair is started, magnificently started—offices, branch offices, private residences, secretaries, vehicles, servants, furniture, prospectuses, agents, clerks, green and red ledgers, Court Guides, directories, day books, letter boxes, iron safes—everything ready and in full play. We have but to watch how things are working, and——

Jonas. Oh, I'm not going to run into any danger, and lose what I have got, and what I shall have when father dies.

Tigg. Lose, impossible! Well, at any rate you'll give me a call—no danger in that.

Jonas. I don't mind calling; you've got some wine I suppose?

Tigg. Wine! pipes, rivers.

Jonas. But mind, I don't bind myself to anything—let us understand that.

Tigg. Bind, nonsense! Wait till you see it. I applaud your caution, old friend. Well, I shall expect to see you.

Re-enter Bailey, L.

Bailey. I say, sir; that boy as you give your horse to to hold, is a letting it out at a penny a ride to all the coves in the neighb'r'ood, and they ain't giving it a sweating at all neither. They are rather going it, I think, about the 'edges.

Tigg. The devil they are! That's a case of Walker for him then; I want a smart lad for a tiger. Do you know of one, winklenose.

Bailey. Oh, I ain't just the chap neither. Oh, no, not at all! Hire me, and blest if I don't give Mother Todgers the sack. I am to let, sir.

Tigg. You are, are you. Can you ride and drive?

Bailey. Rayther; anything from a cab to a coal wagon; and can't I hang on by the eye-lids behind neither.

Tigg. Call on me; (*shows a card*) Pall Mall. Good bye, Chuzzlewit, I shall expect you! Now, winklenose, show the way.

Bailey. This way, sir; (*touching his hat as it were*) This way. That's the sort of thing, isn't it, sir? Mind how you goes down, sir; stoop your head, sir, and keep out of the coal cellar, and you are as right as a trivet.

Exit Bailey, *conducting* Tigg, *door*, L.

Re-enter CHARITY *and* MERCY *with their bonnets on*, R.

JONAS. Ah, cousin Charity, how are you? How's the other one?

MERCY. Quite well, fright. Ha, ha, ha!

JONAS. What a one you are to laugh! I say, I shouldn't have found you out if I hadn't met Pecksniff in the street this morning. I say, you other one, I've got something particular to say to you. (*to* MERCY)

MERCY. To me? Oh! I'm not going to listen to anything from such a fright as you. Ha, ha, ha!—you odious creature!

JONAS. (*aside*) Am I? (*aloud*) I suppose you'd try that sort of fun on with your husband, wouldn't you?

MERCY. Yes, you beauty; and, if you were my husband, you should find it out, I promise you.

JONAS. I wish you'd marry me, and try. You are going out, I see. Come along, then; and I'll show you some of the sights of London that can be seen for nothing. Mind—I don't pay.

CHARITY. Thank you, sir. (*haughtily*) But we have not dined yet.

JONAS. Oh! never mind that. Have a rasher of bacon with your tea. I often save dinner that way—it comes cheap. Come to our house to tea; Pecksniff said he would fetch you home at night.

Re-enter BAILEY, *very suddenly*, L.

BAILEY. (*bawling loudly*) Wittles is up!

JONAS. We don't want any;—we're going for a walk. Come, cousin, take this arm; come, other one, take this.

BAILEY. But, I say, there's weal cutlets, and sich gravy.

JONAS. Come, we'll enjoy ourselves.

MERCY. Enjoy!—ha, ha, ha! You fright—I'm ashamed to be seen with you! Enjoy!—ha, ha, ha!

JONAS. You are a rum 'un, you are—a regular teazer!—but I could tame you, I could.

CHARITY. How long am I to wait, I should like to know?

MERCY. (*to* JONAS) You? Ha, ha, ha!

JONAS. I could!

They exeunt, arm in arm — CHARITY *indignantly and* MERCY *laughing—at door*, L.

BAILEY. (*affects a violent cough as they go out*) Oh cry! don't we sweethearts come it strong neither?—oh no, not at all! Oh! von't I chaff the girls vhen I gets on the toggery—'specially if I gets a gold band round my tile, with a japan wentilator on the top! Only let me catch any young

wagabond call arter me (*placing his hand to the side of his mouth and shouting*) "Go it, Boots!" and won't I give it 'em above a pen'orth neither!—oh no, not at all! Don't I feel plummy, and no mistake! Now to open Mother Todger's eyes above a tater! *Exit, swaggering,* L. *door.*

SCENE SECOND.—*St. James's Park. Very foggy; lights half down.*

Enter MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT *and* MARK TAPLEY, R.

MARTIN. A disagreeable morning, Mark. I hope she'll come soon.

TAPLEY. Of course she will, sir. She promised to do so.

MARTIN. A raw, wet morning too, to bid her farewell! I'm an unfortunate fellow!

TAPLEY. Begging pardon, sir, I think you're a werry fortunate fellow, to get a chance of bidding such a sweet creature good-bye at all. The old gentleman only brought her to town yesterday. It would have been a deal more unfort'nate if you'd been obliged to cut to America, without saying, "Adoo—farewell, my love—good-bye!"—wouldn't it, sir?

MARTIN. Indeed it would. So, Mark, you are determined to go to America with me?

TAPLEY. Yes, sir. I think I could come out strong in them back woods. There would be some credit in being jolly among the hallygators and rattlesnakes. Besides, sir, I should like to hook my fortune on to yours. So, sir, with doo submission, if you please, I'll go verever you goes, and back you like a trump!

MARTIN. Stop!—I think I see Mary coming yonder. Poor girl! 'tis a miserable morning to bring her out.

TAPLEY. Well, don't mind me, you know—I'm nobody. I'll amuse myself by looking at the fog—and an out-and-outer it is!—reg'lar London partic'lar. Dash me! if I don't cut a bit off, sir, and compare with the American 'uns!

Enter MARY GRAHAM, L.; *she has a bonnet, and shawl wrapped closely round her.*

MARY. My dear Martin! (*running into his arms*) how glad I am to see you! But how is this?—you seem changed, Martin!—you look more anxious and thoughtful than you used! I have but a few moments; it's now half-past eight, and I must be in by nine. Ah, Mark!

TAPLEY. Don't be afraid, miss; I'll let you know how the clock goes; I can see it here.

MARTIN. My dear girl, my life of late has been a strange one—one of much endurance and misery.

MARY. Do not speak of it, Martin; (*sighing*) I know it must. When have I forgotten to think of it and you? Martin, you have paid a dear price for a poor heart!

MARTIN. Don't say a poor heart, Mary!

TAPLEY. (*without looking round*) Five-and-twenty minutes to, miss.

MARTIN. Now, I am going to break a design to you, dearest. I am going to America. See now, love,—how you droop directly!—it is for our good.

MARY. Good, Martin? But I will not attempt to dissuade you. It is a long distance; and there is a wide and stormy ocean to be crossed. Have you, Martin—have you thought of the thousand dangers of the seas, love?

TAPLEY. (*kicking his heels, and as before*) Twenty minutes, miss.

MARTIN. What am I to do, Mary?—suddenly cast upon the world by the cruelty of my grandfather!—can I starve? Come, come—do not hang your head. I need the encouragement that your sweet face alone can give me. I go to America, with prospects of doing well—I can get nothing here—and of returning soon to claim you for my wife, in spite of my tyrannical old grandfather!

MARY. Hush, Martin! (*clock chimes three quarters*)

TAPLEY. Quarter to nine, miss.

MARY. Thank you, Mark. But, Martin, don't speak in that spirit of the old man. Who knows, he may think of you yet.

MARTIN. Once, perhaps—in his will. Let him. By the time it reaches me, he will be in his grave—a satire on his own anger. God help him!

MARTIN. Martin—Martin! You bear the aged man no malice, I am sure. You once loved him—you did—I know you did. He is changed, it is true; he appears spirit-broken, lowly now, and silent. He has yielded himself up entirely to the guidance of Mr. Pecksniff. When in the country, we reside at his house.

MARTIN. I've heard so, Mary. Pecksniff is a villain!—a heartless, hypocritical, canting villain! Beware of him. Look! here is a letter for Tom Pinch; he will manage our correspondence for us. See what I've said. (*takes out letter and reads—tableau*)

TAPLEY. Ten minutes, miss. I can't stop it—I would if I could.

MARY. Martin, I must leave you. Heaven bless you, love! You'll not forget me?

MARTIN. Forget?—never! Good-bye!—Bless you, love, bless you!

(MARTIN *kisses* MARY; MARK, *with his back turned to them, looks upward, and feigns to be taking no notice—whistling*)

MARY. Martin, before I go may I ask you a question?—don't be offended. Have you money for your journey? Take this purse.

MARTIN. No, Mary; I have money sufficient.

MARY. This ring, then; it will be a remembrance. Nay, do not be unkind enough to refuse this—a parting gift!

MARTIN. This, love, I will take, but not the money. I know your heart—'tis kind; but no—no. Farewell, Mary, and bless you!

MARY. Heaven hear my prayers for your safety, Martin!

MARTIN. Mary! (*he presses her to his heart*)

TAPLEY. Five minutes, miss. (*wiping his eyes with the back of his hand*) How this blessed fog is getting into my eyes, surely. Five minutes, miss.

(MARTIN *turns up stage overcome;* MARY *crosses hastily to* L., *but stops suddenly and turns to* MARK)

MARY. (*giving purse*) Mark, take this—'tis all I have; but you—he, may need it. (*putting her finger on her lips*) Hush!—not a word (*pointing to* MARTIN) to him. Good-bye! Be friends. Heaven bless you!

Presses MARK'S *hand, and exits,* L.

TAPLEY. (*looking at purse*) A purse—and money! All her little savings, I'll be bound! How kind, poor thing! She knew he hadn't money enough. The heart of a woman—it's anything—everything! Not one on 'em but ought to be set round with diamonds, and kept in cotton, along with nothing but smiles and kisses. Hollo, sir, don't be cast down. We arn't got much time to spare ourselves.

MARTIN. (*arousing from thought*) True, Mark. (*looking at the ring* MARY *gave him*) Oh, Mark! I've parted from a good and kindly heart! Mary gave me this ring of value—not as a parting gift, but to be a friend in case of need. (*kissing it*) Bless her!

TAPLEY. Ah! you would say bless her, if you knew all. But come, sir; them other chaps as are going out will get all the best berths aboard the ship, if you don't make haste, and we shall have to hang up on a nail somewhere outside.

Exeunt, R. 1 E.

SCENE THIRD.—*Parlour at Anthony Chuzzlewit's House—(vide Plate.)*

ANTHONY *discovered asleep;* CHUFFY *taking tea;* JONAS *playing at cards with* CHARITY *and* MERCY. *Tableau.*

JONAS. I say, old Chuffey, make haste over your tea. D'ye hear?

MERCY. Is he deaf, poor fellow?

JONAS. Deaf! I don't know. He pays no attention to any one but father. He's been so addling his old brain with figures and bookkeeping all his life that he's grown stupid. He used to be a very good clerk, but he's infernally old now, and quite useless. Those two Methuselahs ought to die out of hand at once now—it's time. Oh, here's Pecksniff.

Enter PECKSNIFF, L. 1 E.

PECK. Ah, my beloved children, I rejoice to see you in affectionate intercourse with relatives. Man is but as grass, and soon converted into the hay of declining life. Then, why——

JONAS. There, we don't want any sermons now, you know, (*rising, and shaking* ANTHONY) Hollo, father! Here's Pecksniff! He gets more addle-pated every day he lives, I do believe. (*shaking him again*) Don't I tell you Pecksniff's here, stupid-head?

ANTHONY. (*starting out of his sleep, and poking the fire*) Ah! Pecksniff—eh? Pecksniff! Yes, yes; I wanted to see Pecksniff.

JONAS. (*arresting his father's hand*) Let the fire be—can't you, stupid? Do you mean to be extravagant in your old age, eh?

CHUF. Ah, your own son!

JONAS. There, father's awake now. He wants to speak to you, Pecksniff, upon particular business. (*draws away his father's chair, and places it at the opposite side*) I say, gals, let us leave the old 'uns together. Come upstairs; I'll show you over the house—eh, Merry one! (*putting his arm round* MERCY'S *waist*) How should you like to be mistress of this here house, eh?

MERCY. Oh, you horrid fright, don't talk like that! (*pushing him away*)

CHARITY. Thankye, I can walk by myself. (*declining* JONAS'S *arm*)

JONAS. Oh, very well: shan't ask twice. Here, Merry one, you're the one for me.

Exit with MERCY, R.—CHARITY *following in a huff.*

PECK. And now, my dear sir, that we are alone; I say

alone, because I believe that our dear friend Mr. Chuffey is, metaphysically speaking—shall I say—a dummy.

ANTHONY. (*who is very weak and pale, rests on the table—striking it impatiently*) Will you hold your tongue, sir, and let me speak?

PECK. Beloved sir, certainly.

ANTHONY. Jonas is sweet upon your daughter, Pecksniff.

PECK. A charming girl, sir, though I say it, who should not say it.

ANTHONY. You lie! What, you will be a hypocrite, will you?

PECK. My good sir!

ANTHONY. Don't call me a good sir, and don't claim to be one yourself. If your daughter was what you would have me believe, she wouldn't do for my son. Being what I think she is—thrifty and selfish, I think she will. I don't want my substance—my savings wasted when I am—am—dead. (*draws his breath heavily*) Let me sit down (*he goes round table to chair*, L.) Pecksniff, that time is not very far absent! It's here, here! (*touching his heart*)

PECK. My dear Mr. Chuzzlewit, these are unwholesome fancies. (ANTHONY *shakes his head*) The truth is, my dear sir, you are not well.

ANTHONY. Not dying yet, not yet! Look at him. (*pointing to* CHUFFEY) Death has no right to leave him standing, and mow me down.

PECK. Undoubtedly not. No right whatever. It's Mr. Chuffey's duty to die first.

ANTHONY. Listen! (*they draw together*) Jonas will be my heir; Jonas will be rich. A great catch for you—you know that. You've promised with your daughter a certain sum. Give it; but take my advice—bind Jonas while he is in the mood. Bind him, Pecksniff. You want him, I know. Bah! You man of oil, have I no eyes to see how you have angled with him from the first? That's my advice—follow it! That's done, and—ah! I'm weak—weak—Here, here! (*laying his hand on his heart and sinks into a chair*)

Re-enter JONAS, R. *They advance to front.*

JONAS. Well, Pecksniff, how do you get on? What!—father asleep again? He's always at it now.

PECK. Do you know, Mr. Jonas, that I think your father is—don't let me alarm you!—breaking.

JONAS. (*spitefully*) Is he? You don't know how tough he is—I do.

PECK. It strikes me there is an extraordinary change, both in his appearance and manner.

JONAS. (*half starting and alarmed*) What d'ye mean by "extraordinary," if he is changed. There's nothing remarkable in that, is there?

(ANTHONY *groans heavily but low, rises from his chair, looks round wildly, and falls on the ground*)

CHUF. (*starting up*) Look here—look here!—something wrong! Mr. Chuzzlewit—my poor old master! Mr. Chuzzlewit—Mr. Chuzzlewit!

PECK. Send for a doctor!

JONAS. Don't—don't leave me, Pecksniff! It's lucky you were present. Some one might have said it was my doing.

PECK. (*with surprise*) Your doing?

JONAS. I used to joke, you know; but I—I never wished him dead. I know how people will talk!—just as if he wasn't old, or I could keep him alive! (*turning, sees* ANTHONY *rising from the ground.* CHUFFY *assisting*) Look—look! (*starting away*) He's rising up! He wants to speak! Don't let him—it will be the worse for him!

(ANTHONY *gazes vacantly and wildly round, till his eyes rest on* JONAS; *he makes a violent effort to speak; points at him; struggles and falls;* JONAS *recoils;* PECKSNIFF *and* CHUFFY *over body. Picture.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Street. Front grooves.*

Enter MRS. GAMP, *her pattens in her hand, and umbrella under her arm,* L. 1 E.

MRS. GAMP. Oh dear! I shall be glad when I gets home. Who would be a monthly nuss? I feels uncommon poorly, which I suppoge is owing to them four coocumbers as I eat for supper last night. I couldn't have put oil and ingin enough, for they have made my nerves in sich a state that really anyone might knock me down with a feather. (*going,* R.)

Enter BAILEY, *in livery, running. He is as it were addressing some one off at* R., *and looking in that direction runs full drive against* MRS. GAMP, *whom he doubles up with pain. The umbrella and pattens fly in various directions.*

BAILEY. Now stoopid! can't you look where you're a-going to, eh? What do you think your eyes were made for, eh? Ah!—yes—oh! Now then!

MRS. GAMP. (*trying to undouble herself and look at* BAILEY) Drat the bragian boldness of that boy! Why, you nasty, imperant young sparrow, I'll——

BAILEY. Hollo! Why, blest if it isn't Sairah! Sairah Gamp, the nuss, as lives at Sweedlepipes, the barber's! How are ye, Sairah, eh?

Mrs. Gamp. Why, if it isn't that young limb Bailey, as used to come and buy birds of Mr. Sweedlepipes! You young rip!—oh!

Bailey. In course it is, Sairah. I'm going there now—not to buy birds though. (*rubbing his chin and winking*) D'ye twig, Sairah, eh?

Mrs. Gamp. Drat the boy!—what does he mean?

Bailey. Boy! Come, Sairah, drop that. If I'm a boy, vere do you get yer men? Isn't this all rummy, eh? (*adjusting dress*) I'm going to Sweedlepipes' to be shaved, Sairah. Vell, I say, vot do you say to a drain, eh? Oh no, not at all neither!

Mrs. Gamp. I never drinks. (Bailey *places fingers to his nose aside*) But as the coocumber disagrees with me, a little summut does the constitootion good. Stay till I pick up my pattens and——

Bailey. Sairah, you're a fine woman when one gets a bird's-eye view on you. Hollo, there's Poll Sweedlepipes! Step over the vay, vill yer? Here, Poll, my out-and-outer, how is yer? *Exit*, L. 1 E.

Mrs. Gamp. (*having recovered pattens, &c.*) Cus that Tomtit of a boy! He's made me shake like an adgpen leaf.

Enter Mr. Pecksniff, R. 1 E.

Peck. Pray, my good woman, can you tell me which is Kingsgate Street?

Mrs. Gamp. I supoge, sir, I ought to know, having lived on and off in that blessed street for the last eight years. You can see my name over the winder, sir—"Mrs. Gamp, Mid'if and Nuss." And a trying perfession it is, as I knows to my sorrer. Oh, that coocumber!

Peck. Then you are the very person I am in search of.

Mrs. Gamp. How very surpridging! What is it, sir? Mrs. Whilks? No, don't say her time's up, poor creetur, with not even a pincushion ready! Prehaps it's Mrs. Wiggins—or Mrs. Flops—or——

Peck. (*stopping her*) Nothing—nothing of the kind. A gentleman is dead, and some person being wanted in the house, you have been recommended by Mr. Mould, the undertaker.

Mrs. Gamp. Ah! Mr. Mould is a good dear creetur. Who is the gentleman, sir?

Peck. Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit. You knew him, I believe?

Mrs. Gamp. A blessed love! I did, sir. But it's what we must all come to. It's as certain as being born. Savin', as I says to Mrs. Harris, we can't make our calkylations as exact. Ah, dear! When Gamp, my husband, was summoned to his long home, and I see him a-lying in Guy's Hospital, with a

penny-piece on each eye and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away; but I bore up——

PECK. Use is second nature, Mrs. Gamp.

MRS. GAMP. You may well say natur, sir. But if it wasn't for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me, I never could go through with what I sometimes have to do. Mrs. Harris, I always says, leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged. Mrs. Gamp, she says in answer, if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteenpence a day for working people, and three-and-six for gentlefolks, you are that inwaluable person. Mrs. Harris, I says, you are a angel, all but the pimples.

PECK. My good creature, never mind charges. Come with me.

MRS. GAMP. I'll foller you, sir, directly. I just wants to make an inquiry over the vay. I knows the dear gentleman's house.

PECK. Well, lose no time. Heigho! *Exit*, R. 1 E.

MRS. GAMP. Drat the little wagabone—he'll have drank it every drop! Oh, that coocumber! *Hurries out*, L. 1 E.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Montagu Tigg's Dressing Room. Vide Plate.*

TIGG *discovered reclining in chair, in thought.*

TIGG. We've hooked this cunning fish, 'tis true, but we must be wary how we play him; he savours of danger. One thousand we have made secure—'tis ours! We must have another. And Pecksniff, too; he has money—plenty! Could he by any means be had? I'll try! There is a mysterious something about Jonas I must discover. I've set Nadgett on to watch. If it be but the slightest accident I can take hold of, I'll bind him to our purpose hand and foot!

Enter BAILEY, L. 1 E.

BAILEY. He's below sir.

TIGG. He! Who?

BAILEY. Old indiskiverable, as walks about like a werry old suit of clothes with nothing in 'em.

TIGG. Nadgett? (*quickly*)

BAILEY. Yes, sir.

TIGG. (*rising*) Quick, show him in.

BAILEY. Yes, sir—like winkin'! *Exit*, L. 1 E.

TIGG. Can Nadgett have made any discoveries, I wonder? That I must learn at once. Jonas will be here shortly, and I must be prepared.

Enter NADGETT, *closing door after him*, L.

Well, Nadgett—any news?

NADGETT. (*rubbing his hands and smoothing his chin*) Why, sir, I think it's a good case. (*producing pocket-book*) I've had some trouble though.

TIGG. No, no—none of your notes. Give me word of mouth.

NADGETT. (*placing pocket-book in chair, speaking the while*) I never talk; walls have ears. Number one—read that.

TIGG. (*looking over paper*) Ah—yes. Suspicious; nothing more. (*indifferently*)

NADGETT. Number two—read that.

TIGG. (*rather astonished*) Eh!—indeed! (*looking over paper*)

NADGETT. Number three (*giving third paper with satisfaction*) There!

TIGG. (*starting on looking at it a moment*) The devil! Nadgett, you are an extraordinary man! A clever hand at a secret! (*taking seat, and looking at* NADGETT *in amazement*)

NADGETT. (*putting up papers and pocket-book*) Nothing has an interest to me that is not a secret.

(*a double knock at street door, rather distant*)

TIGG. Nadgett, there's the very man. There's a deep impression of the devil's hoof here. Take care of that; it will be of use. (*gives back paper*)

Re-enter BAILEY, L. 1 E.

BAILEY. Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, sir; and as cranky as blazes.

NADGETT. Shall I go? (*putting up paper hastily in pocket-book*)

TIGG. No; you'd better stay. Show him in, Bailey.

Exit BAILEY, L.

(*hastily taking off dressing gown and commencing his toilet*) No, no—don't leave us together. He's a dangerous man, Nadgett. By the lord! there's no knowing from that what might happen, when he knows I've proof of——

NADGETT. Hem! (*points* L., *and hastens to fireplace*)

Enter JONAS, L., *very sulkily.*

TIGG. Ah! my dear Chuzzlewit, you rise with the lark! How are you? (*putting out his hand, which has a hair brush in it;* JONAS *shaking it discovers his mistake, and dashes it on the ground*)

JONAS. Pshaw! I'm a light sleeper! Better up than lying awake, counting those cursed city clocks striking! Who's that? Oh! old whats-his-name, looking as though he wished to skulk up the chimney!

TIGG. Perhaps he does.

JONAS. Well, we don't want him, do we? He's rather afraid of me, I think.

TIGG. Do you know, it's my belief that you are poison to him. (*looking at* JONAS *furtively, and brushing his whiskers*)

JONAS. (*starting, mutters*) Poison!

TIGG. Hollo, Jonas! what's the matter with your lips? Where the deuce is the towel? Anything the matter, eh? (*indifferently*)

JONAS. (*passionately*) No! Say what you've got to say, and let my face be. I can show my teeth when I want—that's enough for you. The color of my lips is not material. Why have you sent for me?

TIGG. (*avoiding the question*) But what is a light sleeper—eh, Jonas?

JONAS. (*impatiently*) Hang a light sleeper!

TIGG. (*taking a chair and eying him significantly*) No, no—we won't do that. I know—dreams—starts—nightmare—ugly faces—agony and all that sort of thing—I see.

JONAS. Do you. If you won't come to the point, I will. A word with you. I am not satisfied with the state of our affairs.

TIGG. No. Bless me! that's very odd. My dear——

JONAS. (*abruptly*) No, I'm not! And—mark me!—I'll play the devil with the office, and oblige you to buy me out at a high figure, if you play any of your tricks with me. I must have my capital returned on the nail.

TIGG. My dear Chuzzlewit, I want you to advance a little more.

JONAS. Ha, ha, ha!—do you? Devil a farthing!

TIGG. I do, most assuredly; and, moreover, introduce a friend of yours.

JONAS. Of course. Ha, ha! You'd be delighted, I dare say—and prove it to be to my advantage, too—wouldn't you? (*sneeringly*)

TIGG. And it would be; very much—very much. (*balancing hair brush on his finger*)

JONAS. Oh, stuff! You can tell me how, too, can't you?

TIGG. (*fixing his eyes on* JONAS) Shall I tell you how?

JONAS. Why do you look at me in that way? Do you think I've committed—(*checking himself, and then violently*) I mean to take care of myself—so there!

TIGG. Oh! you do, do you? A word. (*looking round, and drawing near* JONAS, *whispers in his ear*)

JONAS. Ah! (*starting in his chair, and placing his hand over* TIGG'S *mouth*) Fiends of hell!—you!

TIGG. (*rising coolly, and going to toilet re-commences brushing hair*) You'll not object to venture a trifle more, or introduce a friend now, my dear Chuzzlewit, will you?

JONAS. (*with his eyes fixed in horror on the ground*) No, no, no! (*tableau—music*)

TIGG. Jonas, my dear fellow, I want Pecksniff in with us. You know you've married his daughter, and know something of his affairs. He has money?

JONAS. (*without looking up*) He has.

TIGG. I'll leave him in your hands. Or, what say you—shall we visit him together? Come, you shall dine with us to-day, and we will arrange the affair over a bottle of wine.

JONAS. I'll do my best.

TIGG. A thousand thanks. You're a noble fellow, Jonas! I've not breakfasted yet. (*putting on dressing gown*) Will you join me? Coffee or chocolate?

JONAS. Neither. This is no breakfast hour. (*eyeing him*)

TIGG. By way of lunch, then. Which shall it be—*hung* beef or tongue?

JONAS. (*sulkily*) I hate 'em both!

TIGG. Jonas, I'd give the world for your spirits—I would indeed. Nadgett, order lunch. Come along, old fellow; and, if you like, I'll devil you a drumstick à la Hottentot.

Exit, L., *followed by* NADGETT.

JONAS. (*watching* TIGG *off*) By what infernal agency has he discovered this? Can I have betrayed myself in any way? So, then, I am in his power!—life—money—all!—and he would profit by it! Would?—nay, he will. No; there is a way!—it bursts upon me like the red lightning's glare through thunder clouds at night! What odds—'Tis but a little more blood—and I am safe! Ha, ha, ha! I'll do it—this very night, too. Yes, yes—I know the place. We shall be alone, too. A good spot—a good spot.

Exit in deep thought, talking to himself, L. 1 E.

SCENE SIXTH.—*An Apartment in Jonas Chuzzlewit's House. An old oaken chamber with door in flat*, R.; *lights half down; window*, L.; *distant thunder.*

Enter MERCY, R., *pale and dejected, a book in her hand—she is now the wife of* JONAS.

MERCY. How wearily the time passes in this lonely house! (*sighing*) This is a sad change; but I must not complain. Where can Jonas be, I wonder? He left home this morning in a bad temper, and though I wish, I almost fear his return. The mystery and gloom upon him grows darker day by day! Perhaps it is the money he has risked in this Insurance Office. Whatever the cause, pray heaven it may end in nothing bad! (*a very long and violent double knock at street door*) At last! Welcome sound!

BAILEY. (*without*) All right, my rum 'un. I'll find her.

Enter BAILEY *hastily*, L. 1 E.

There you are, are yer?

MERCY. Bailey, where's Mr. Chuzzlewit? (*anxiously*) Anything the matter?

BAILEY. Not nothing. He's all right. I've brought him home in a coach, rayther tight that's all. He's been a dining with the gov'ner, and the vine's walked into him a leetle, nothing more. I'll fetch him up. I'll vake him. Oh! von't I, not at all neither! *Exit* BAILEY, L. 1 E.

MERCY. (*calling after him, softly*) Bailey, Bailey! speak kindly! Don't anger him, there's a good boy. (*gets a chair from* R.)

BAILEY. (*without*) Now then, my flower! we've got home. Tumble up, will yer!

MERCY *hurries off*, L. 1 E., *as to assist.*

There—you go first, we'll foller. Don't tremble so—he won't hurt you! When I've been a drawin' it strong in this way, I'm full of good natur' myself.

Enter MERCY *and* BAILEY, *supporting* JONAS *to a chair*, MERCY *placing her handkerchief to her eyes, aside.*

There, don't cry! You arn't got nothing to cry for. Why, he's righter nor a trivet!

(*during this*, JONAS *rouses himself up, opens his eyes, and looks unsteadily round; his eyes rest on* MERCY. *He tries to rise, but failing, shakes his fist at her*—MERCY *retreats*)

Ah! Vot you're vicious, are you? (*standing between him and* MERCY—JONAS *makes an attempt to rise*) Ah!—would you though? You had better not.

MERCY. I feared this. (*aside*) Bailey, my good lad, I thank you for your kindness; but go, do; you'll irritate him. (*going up to* JONAS *timidly*) Jonas! (*laying her hand on his shoulder*)

JONAS. (*throwing her off*) Ah! Look at her—look at her! There's a bargain for a man! Ugh! (*relapsing into stupor*)

BAILEY. (*aside*) Oh! shouldn't I jist like, neither! wouldn't I give it him!—oh no, not at all! (*clenching his fist*)

MERCY. (*advancing to* BAILEY, *and speaking tremblingly*) Bailey, my good lad, pray leave us! He'll be better presently. There. (*gives money*) Thank you kindly, Bailey, very kindly; but—but—leave us. (*she bursts into tears and turns away*)

BAILEY. Poor thing—poor thing! She used to be so merry, too. Well, good-bye! And if he doesn't do the thing that's right, you jist send for me, and I'm blest if I don't—Oh! wouldn't I! oh no, not at all neither!

Exit BAILEY, *sparring, and as though fighting with some one*, L.

MERCY. (*timidly approaching, and smiling through her tears*) Jonas, dear Jonas!

JONAS. (*shaking her off*) Dear devil! You are a pretty clog to be tied to a man for life! You mewling, white-faced cat! get out of my sight!

MERCY. Dear Jonas, you wouldn't say this if you were sober—you wouldn't be so unkind.

JONAS. Wouldn't I? Have I never said it when I was sober, eh?—haven't I? (*vehemently*)

MERCY. (*in tears, and with deep anguish*) Oh! often, Jonas, often.

JONAS. You made me bear your petty humours before marriage; now I'll make you bear mine. I married you that I might—I swore inwardly that I would—and you shall feel that I keep my oath.

MERCY. Heaven knows, I am obedient—much more than I ever thought to be.

JONAS. What, you are finding it out, are you? You shall in time. Not a slight you ever put upon me, playfully or otherwise, but I will pay you back a hundred-fold.

MERCY. (*trying to divert his anger*) Jonas, dear Jonas, I've learnt that little song you said you liked. 'Tis very sweet! Let me repeat it; 'twill soothe you, I know it will.

JONAS. No. I hate you!—d'ye hear that?—I hate you! I hate myself for marrying a thing to trample on when I choose! I ought to be single again!—free to marry when I please!—not tied to a sickly cat like you! Pah!—am I never to forget you?

MERCY. (*cheerfully*) Jonas, it is very late, and I've been waiting and watching your return so many hours!

JONAS. Watch and wait for me again, if you dare!

MERCY. No, no—not that. I didn't mind it at all; the time passed so quickly—very quickly. And I've been reading, too, ever since you went out, one of the strangest stories, dear Jonas!—quite true, too, so the book says. But I'll tell you all about it to-morrow.

JONAS. True, was it?

MERCY. Yes, dear Jonas; at least, so the book says.

JONAS. Was it of a man being determined to conquer his wife? To break her spirit—bend her temper—crush her humours—kill her, for aught I know! (*grinding his teeth*)

MERCY. Not a word—not a word, Jonas. (*soothingly and quickly*)

JONAS. It lies, then!—the book lies! That will form a true story before long. The book lies, I say! It's fit for a lying reader!—it's fit for you! You—you living curse upon my hopes—my wishes! (*violently*)

MERCY. Jonas, all that you would have me, I will try to be. My every look, thought, hope, shall be the servant of your wishes. This simple story shall teach me to be content and humble; (*alluding to the book in her hand*) for though here the child could shed a father's blood——

JONAS. (*starting from his chair in savage horror*) Ah! Who uttered those words? Was't you? Was't you, I say? Devil!

MERCY. (*retreating in terror, and letting volume fall*) No, Jonas, no!

JONAS. (*dashing chair off*, L.) Liar! (*looking wildly round*) There is none other, on earth or sea, that knows—(*checks himself*) It was you! (*rushing upon her*)

MERCY. (*falling on her knees*) Jonas! In mercy——

JONAS. Ugh! Curses blight you, hell-cat! (*striking her down, and crossing*)

MERCY. Oh, Jonas—dear Jonas! How could you?

JONAS. Peace, devil! Silence, or I'll——

MERCY. (*on her knees, and clasping her hands in supplication*) Jonas, forgive me! In pity, forgive me! Oh, in mercy!

JONAS. Hear me. To-night I sleep in yonder room; if I can sleep all day to-morrow, so much the better; I've trouble on my mind I would shake off by rest If I can, keep the house quiet, and don't call me. Mind—don't call me! Let no one call me. Let me lie there. (*pointing to door*) Bring me a light! D'ye hear? (MERCY *goes off*, R., *without raising her eyes*) By this, none will know when I quit home, or when return. Now for my disguise, and when the streets are quiet, I'll steal out through the back passage, and—Oh, the light!

Re-enter MERCY, *with lighted candle*, R.—JONAS *takes it, shading light from his own face.*

Remember! Keep all quiet, and let none approach that room till I wake.

MERCY. It shall be done. Is that all?

JONAS. All! What more do you want to know?

MERCY. I want to know nothing, Jonas, but what you tell me. All confidence between us has long deserted me.

JONAS. Ecod! I should hope so.

MERCY. Tell me what you wish. I will be obedient—will try to please you. I make no merit of that, for I have no friend—no father—no sister; they are to me as though they were not. I am alone—quite alone; I am humble and submissive. You told me you would break my spirit. You have done so. Do not break my heart, too; though perhaps 'twould be as well.

JONAS. (*doggedly*) 'Um! Perhaps it would!

Exit into room, in flat.

MERCY. Oh, never, from pride or vanity, let the heart wed against the inclination. I should have known this—have shunned it; but falsely yielding to my weakness, which then I thought my strength, have sacrificed all my hope—all my happiness—to misery and despair! *Exit*, R. 1 E.

Music.—Door in flat opens, and JONAS *appears, attiring himself in countryman's frock—takes stage—listens.*

JONAS. All's quiet! I shall be just in time for the train. (*goes up to room, and places a pair of boots outside his door—thunder and lightning*) The streets are clear. 'Tis a fearful night! The better for my purpose! Now, Mr. Tigg—now to stop your blabbing, and for ever! *Exit into room.*

SCENE SEVENTH.—*A Wood—stile*, L. U. E.—*lights down—* PECKSNIFF *and* TIGG *heard laughing without*, R.

PECK. But I insist, my dear Mr. Montague; really, you must allow me.

TIGG. With all my heart; but, upon my honour, you are too good—you are, indeed!

Enter PECKSNIFF *and* TIGG, R. 1 E.

PECK. My dear Mr. Montague, you are now in the direct path. Cross the stile, keep down the narrow lane, and there you are at the "Dragon." When shall we see you again?

TIGG. The moment I have placed your capital to account—and a glorious opportunity occurs just now of doing so—I'll do myself the pleasure of a friendly visit.

PECK. My dear sir, allow me to say—friend—I shall be delighted to receive you!

JONAS, *disguised in a countryman's dress, appears at back*, L. *watching.*

TIGG. Well, good night! You are now one of us—one of the "Anglo-Bengalee." You've made a capital hit.

PECK. My dear sir, self is the last consideration. If it is but for the good of my fellow-creatures——

TIGG. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes—of course! We know! Deep dog! Well, good night!

PECK. (*laughing*) We understand, eh? Good night! You can't miss the way. Good night! *Exit* PECKSNIFF, R. 1 E.

TIGG. (*waving hand*) Farewell, farewell! (*turning away*) Capitally done! Another partner, and the gold rolls in freely. All goes well. And yet I cannot shake off this gloomy apprehension—this strange fear that something fatal will be the result of this journey. I wish I had not undertaken it. All

seems to centre in the presentiment of some impending doom. I have an instinctive fear of one man, and he is a dangerous one. Yet, after all, it may be but fancy.' Now for the Inn; to-morrow for Town—and then—— (*he passes through the wood towards stile*—JONAS *stealthily follows, and as* TIGG *has one foot on it, he fells him with a blow*) Ah! Help! Murder! (*turns quickly on the ground, and rising, staggers towards* JONAS, *who recoils*—TIGG *falls*) Villain! Help! Ah! (JONAS, *drawing out a knife, rushes upon* TIGG, *and placing one hand over his mouth, stabs him in the heart—thunder and lightning—leaps upon his feet, looks round in horror, and as in the act of flight—drop descends quickly*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Pecksniff's Parlour, as before.*

TOM PINCH *discovered.*

PINCH. (*placing things to rights*) No news from America from young Mr. Martin. Poor Mary will break her heart. Poor Mary! She loves him dearly! and, to be loved by her, he ought to be a happy fellow. (*sighs*) Ah! had I been like him—handsome, talented, and amiable—I might have known the blessing of being loved by one like her. Like her? No, no; there is no other in the world like her—not one.

Enter MARY, L. C., *agitated and hastily, bonnet and shawl on.*

MARY. Ah, Mr. Pinch; I'm glad I've found you. Why are there tears in your eyes?

PINCH. Eh? Bless me! so there are. I was thinking of poor Martin. Now don't start and look so pale, Miss Mary—pray don't. Bless me! there's something the matter—I'm sure there is—so don't deceive me! You are alarmed!

MARY. Mr. Pinch, I have hitherto hesitated to confide in you, though Martin desired me to do so. Oh, Mr. Pinch! I am really very wretched! (*places handkerchief to her eyes*)

Enter PECKSNIFF, L. C.; *seeing them, stops at back.*

PINCH. Dear, dear! What is the matter, Miss Mary? Trust me, do. I am a poor, shy, awkward creature, and you should think no more of me, bless you, than if I were a toasting fork or a frying pan; but anything I can do, I will.

MARY. Dear Mr. Pinch, I cannot tell you how your kind-

ness moves me. One reason that I did not consult you is, that you are an unflinching advocate of poor Martin's greatest enemy, Mr. Pecksniff. (PECKSNIFF *hides behind table*) Mr. Pinch, you are mistaken in him. That person whom you think the best of men, is the worst, the falsest, craftiest, cruellest, most shameless! (PECKSNIFF *dives down behind table*)

PINCH. Mercy on us! Good gracious! What has he done?

MARY. What is he, who receiving me into his house his unwilling guest, knowing how defenceless and alone I am, persecutes and affronts me with his loathsome advances.

PINCH. Whoever he may be, he is a scoundrel. But pray don't say it's Pecksniff! don't, Miss Mary, don't.

MARY. What is he, who now that my only friend has sunk into the helplessness of declining age, can use the influence he has basely gained for every despicable and wicked purpose?

PINCH. I say he is a scoundrel!

MARY. What is he—oh, Mr. Pinch!—what is he, who thinking he could compass these designs the better were I his wife, assails me with the coward's argument, that if I marry him—Martin, on whom I have brought so much misfortune, shall be restored to something of his former hopes with his uncle, and if I do not, he shall be plunged into deeper ruin? (PECKSNIFF, *who has been listening, plunges down again*)

PINCH. I say he is a scoundrel—a double-dyed villain! Is —is it Pecksniff?

MARY. Alas, Mr. Pinch, it is. (*weeps bitterly*)

PINCH. Don't weep—don't weep. I'll protect you; aye, even from Pecksniff himself. I could cry myself, to think I've been so deceived in him; to think that he—he should be a villain!—oh dear! oh dear! Don't cry—now don't! (*cries himself*)

MARY. I cannot talk more to you now; I will see you presently. I know you will befriend me, Mr. Pinch—I know you will. Pardon me—pray pardon me now.

Exits hastily, overcome, door R.

TOM. Befriend you? indeed I will. I wouldn't have cared for anything he had done to me; but her—her! He's a villain —a scoundrel—an iniquitous alligator—a rascal—a—oh, oh, oh! I'll not stay in his house!

Exits, L., *in an overpowering passion.* PECKSNIFF *rises coolly, adjusts his hair.*

PECK. Very good—very good, Mr. Pinch! You shall not stay! I'll discharge a duty to society, and you at once. And she too. But no matter; I've the imbecile old man under my control, and, with the blessing of Providence, I will take a bitter revenge on them all! Very good! (*walks to and fro*) Very good!

Enter OLD MARTIN, R. I E.

OLD M. What is the matter, Pecksniff—what ails you, man?

PECK. My good—my worthy friend, I am deceived.

OLD M. Deceived?

PECK. In the tenderest point, beloved friend—by Thomas Pinch.

OLD M. Oh, bad—bad! Are you certain?

PECK. My eyes and ears are witnesses. I would not have believed it, Mr. Chuzzlewit, if a fiery serpent had proclaimed it from the top of Salisbury Cathedral; I would have said to it—Fiery serpent, you lie! (*weeps*)

OLD M. On what subject has Mr. Pinch's treachery been developed—um?

PECK. Beloved kinsman, that is the worst of all—on a subject nearly concerning you. But sit down, esteemed sir, and behold me discharge a duty I owe to society. (*a knock at the street door heard*, L. U. E., *rather distant*)

Enter MARY, *greatly agitated*, R.

MARY. (*to* OLD MARTIN) Oh, my dear sir! He—he is there—at the door! Oh, pray, sir, receive him kindly!

OLD M. Who—who?

PECK. Who, my child?

MARY. Martin—your grandson, Martin.

PECK. (*starting up and calling*) Bolt the door. Admit no one.

Enter MARTIN *and* MARK TAPLEY *suddenly*, L. C.—MARTIN *advances*—TAPLEY *places his back to door*.

MARTIN. Grandfather—dear grandfather! (*advances*, L. C.—PECKSNIFF *stops him*, C.—MARY *at back—tableau—music*)

PECK. No, young man—no sir; none of that! If you must strike, strike here, sir—here! Launch your arrows at me, sir, if you'll have the goodness—not at him.

MARTIN. Hear me, I implore you, sir! Let me but speak to you!

PECK. (*dodging about to keep between them*) Would you, sir—would you? Would you strike at venerable virtue? Know that it is not defenceless. I—I will be its shield, young man. Assail me! Come on, sir—fire away!

OLD M. (*aside*) How fresh and full the hopes of days long past return again! Pecksniff, stand aside, and let me see him I used to love so dearly.

PECK. There, beloved sir! Behold the monster who but for me would do you a mortal injury! (*standing aside*)

OLD M. And that is he. (*aside*) Changed! (*with a heavy sigh*) Say what you wish to say, but come no nearer.

MARTIN. Sir, from a painful journey—from a hard life—from privation and distress, gloom and disappointment, sickness and despair, I have returned to you.

PECK. (R.) Of course! Vagabonds generally do.

MARTIN. But for this faithful man, (*pointing to* TAPLEY) I must have died in a foreign land. Yet think not I have been driven here wholly by want—that affection and regret have had no share in this. When I parted from you, grandfather, I deserved that suspicion; I do not now. (*with a sigh*) Let the voice of nature and association plead between us. Do not, for one fault—however thankless—quite reject me. I am now changed, sir—changed by dire experience and calamity. (OLD MARTIN, *overcome by the appeal, buries his face in his hands*)

PECK. My dear sir, you must not give way to this. You must not allow this fellow's shameless conduct to move you so. Rouse yourself. Think of me, my friend.

OLD M. (*looking up sternly*) I will. You recall me to myself. I will think of you.

PECK. Shall I give expression to your thoughts, my friend? (*wiping his eyes*)

OLD M. Yes—speak for me. Thank you!

PECK. Young man, the door is immediately behind the companion of your infamy. Blush, if you can—begone without a blush, if you can't! You shall not wrong this revered gentleman, sir, whilst I have life! You must strike at him through me—aye, sir, through me—and in such a cause you will find me, my young sir, an ugly customer!

TAPLEY. That's no lie. Ugly enough!

MARTIN. (*to* OLD MARTIN—*heedless of* PECKSNIFF) Will you give me no answer, sir—not a word?

OLD M. You hear what has been said by my best friend?

MARTIN. I only hear what you say to me, sir.

OLD M. (*to* PECKSNIFF) You have nothing more to say—nothing more to urge? Remember, Pecksniff, I will oppose nothing that you ask of me.

PECK. (*weeping*) Oh, oh—this kindness! It's too much! Let me—oh, let me kiss your beloved hand! No, no; I have nothing further to say. A lost character! Oh, oh!

OLD M. Indeed! Come, then—come! (*rising*)

PECK. Adored sir, take my arm. Retire with me, and assist me to shed a few tears in the back garden. (*they cross to* R.)

OLD M. You have heard him. It is all over. Go, sir, go!

PECK. Yes—go, viper! Rattlesnake, go!

Leads off OLD MARTIN, R.

MARY. (*rushing towards* MARTIN) Oh, Martin!

MARTIN. My dear girl, he has not changed you. I have still one blessing left.

MARY. Changed, Martin! Oh, never! You have restrained yourself so nobly—you have borne so much.

MARTIN. Is it true, Mary, that you are persecuted by this knave's addresses?

MARY. Yes, Martin, yes.

MARTIN. Villain! And my grandfather assists him in it?

MARY. Oh, no!

MARTIN. Thank heaven! But, Mary, how feeble and broken the poor old man appears; and the terrible influence this villain exercises over him—how is this, Mary?

MARY. Alas, Martin, I know not! But do not fear; I will remain true to him and you, Martin, till the last; and should he awaken from his delusion even at the point of death, I am here, love, to recall you to his thoughts.

MARTIN. My dear—dear girl! Ah, Mary, but for the kindness and never-tiring attention of my honest friend Mark here you would never have seen your poor Martin again.

MARY. (*taking* TAPLEY'S *hands in hers*) Mark—dear Mark! What shall I say to you?

TAPLEY. Nothing, miss—nothing. Bless you! I thought of you all the time I was attending on him, and it made me quite jolly. I've only one fault to find with him, miss?

MARY. What's that, Mark?

TAPLEY. Why, miss, he used to leave all the work to me—all the fighting and struggling against circumstances; but now he will do it himself—his own share and mine too. I've no credit in being jolly. It's breaking my heart, almost.

MARTIN. Mary, I have had a severe monitor of late—the world; and adversity has taught me a wholesome lesson. Once I esteemed selfishness a virtue. Mary, it is a curse—clogging up the warm and genial current of the heart, and making all cold around it!

OLD M. (*without, and ringing hand-bell*) Mary! Mary!

MARY Hark! I'm called. Farewell, Martin!

MARTIN. Farewell, Mary! Dear girl, I will deserve you yet!

Exit MARY, *door*, L. C.

MARTIN. Come, Mark. I feel the better for this. Let us return to the "Dragon"—then to London, where, by good will and hard labour, we may perchance cut our way to fortune yet. At least, we'll try.

TAPLEY. And the best can do no more, sir. We'll come out strong under difficulties yet, and trust me if we wont be jolly!

Exit, door, L. C.—*clear stage.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Street.* (*1st grooves.*)

Enter TOM PINCH *hastily, followed by* LEWSOME, *very pale, and poor in dress.*

PINCH. And you will swear this?

LEWSOME. I will.

PINCH. That you sold him two kinds of poison—the one of a slow and subtle nature—the other quick and sudden?

LEWSOME. Yes.

PINCH. Poisoned by his own son! We haven't a moment to lose; he may escape. To the point, sir.

LEWSOME. We used to meet of a night over cards. I had borrowed money of Jonas I could not pay, and in the lieu thereof he asked me to obtain him poison. He told me secretly that he had often thought of mixing some with a medicine for his father's cough;—'twould help him, he said, to die easily.

PINCH. The villain!

LEWSOME. Bribed and importuned, I obtained them — a more than usual quantity—as a medical assistant I could do so without suspicion. I gave them to him; and the result to me has been increasing wretchedness—which nothing, I feel, but this confession could relieve.

PINCH. Still, we require further evidence—eh? The old clerk, Chuffey, perhaps he could—but how to get at him without arousing Jonas's suspicions? I have it! Mrs. Gamp shall do it. She is now in attendance on the old clerk, and by a little honest manœuvring shall gain us admission. We will obtain the assistance of the police. You, sir, go with me. (*to* LEWSOME) On your first application, I sent immediately for the murdered man's brother, Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit the elder, and expect his arrival every moment. We will lose no time. Dear, dear—how will all this end, I wonder!

Exeunt, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*An Apartment in Jonas's House. Door in flat; chairs, &c.*, C.

JONAS *discovered*, L. C., *very pale, watching* CHUFFEY, *who is huddled up in a chair.*

JONAS. He must be secured. A hint—a word dropped from him at such a moment, might fire the train of suspicion, and destroy me. Soon as the alarm abates, I must escape. The collapse of this cursed speculation, and my immense losses, all rise so powerfully against me, that even if I should escape suspicion of——(*starting in fear*) What's that? (*composing himself*) I wonder if it is found yet! How it follows me everywhere—

clings to my very hands—entangles itself in my footsteps. Night nor day I cannot shut it out! 'Tis here—here—here! (*touches his brow*) Ha, ha, ha! Yet I am not sorry! (*laughs hysterically*) No, no! Were it to do again, I'd do it! (*starting and turning*) Who's there?

Enter MRS. GAMP, *door*, L.

MRS. GAMP. Good evenin', sir.

JONAS. Oh! is it you?

MRS. GAMP. Um—yes, sir. Sairey Gamp, sir. Gamp by name and Gamp by natur'. It's werry warm, sir, which one must expect it so, when coocumbers is three for tupence. How does Mr. Chuffey find hisself this arternoon?

JONAS. (*going to her*) Get him to his room. He has been raving to-night. Mad—stark mad!

MRS. GAMP. A blessed chick!

JONAS. You have brought some one to assist you, have you not?

MRS. GAMP. Yes, sir, she is now in the padgege.

JONAS. (*sitting*) Her name?

MRS. GAMP. Her name? Ah, ah! (*stammering*) Mrs. Harris. Heaven forgive me!

JONAS. Let me see her.

MRS. GAMP. See her, sir? I must dispoge myself somewhere in safety first. It's your wish to see her, is it, sir?

JONAS. Don't talk, fool! Where is she? (*rising and turning towards door*)

MRS. GAMP. Here, sir.

Enter OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, *door*, L.—JONAS *starts*—MRS. GAMP *runs out*, L.

OLD M. Let no one leave this house.

JONAS. Wh—what right have you to give such directions in this house?

OLD M. The right of your wrong doing. Come in there.

Enter PINCH *and* LEWSOME, L.

JONAS. (*starting wildly at* LEWSOME) Ah! Curses light upon him!

OLD M. (*to* LEWSOME) This is the man, is it? (*pointing out* JONAS)

LEWSOME. You need but look upon him, to be sure of the truth of what I have said.

JONAS. (*trying to recover himself*) What foolery is this? Would you believe him—the greatest liar upon earth? (*pointing to* LEWSOME) What's his last tale? Ha, ha, ha! And you, more childish, more weak than ever your own brother, my father, was—(*to* OLD MARTIN) What the devil do you mean by bringing

knaves here, to take the house by storm? Open the door there, and turn these madmen out!

Old M. Oh, brother, brother! Were we strangers half our lives but that you might breed a wretch like this? Murderer! parricide!

Chuf. He is, he is. A moment's time. (*endeavouring to recollect*) I have it—here—here—yes, that's how it was. He mixed the stuff—look at him!—with some sweetmeat, in a jar, exactly as the medicine for his father's cough was mixed, and put it in a drawer—in that drawer yonder; he knows which I mean. The old man sank and altered. It was only a few days, but he had never changed so much in twice as many years. He came to me—told me all, he knew it—knew that he was being poisoned by his own son! "Spare him, Chuffey," he cried; "my only son—my only son!" I promised him I would. I've tried to do it. (*overcome by the effort*) But I must speak—I must! His only son—his only son! *Goes feebly off*, R.

Jonas. (*striving to be firm*) Well! Is this your proof? Have you any more plots to broach? Is this all? Ha, ha, ha! I defy you. Leave this house—I command you. (*pointing to door*, L., *but without looking*) See you yonder door?

Nadgett *appears*, *door*, C., *with two* Policemen.

Old M. Aye, sir—do you see yonder door? Look at it. (Jonas *turns—starts aghast, and recoils into corner*, R., *as though paralysed*)

Nadgett. That is he. I arrest that man for the murder. (Policeman *secures and handcuffs* Jonas)

All. Murder!

Nadgett. The murder of Montague Tigg, who was found killed in a wood.

Jonas. 'Tis false. Where is the proof?

Nadgett. Here! (*pointing to himself*) I have watched this house by night and day—without food, without rest. I saw you quit it in disguise—saw you return—dogged you to the river where you sank your clothes—recovered them—and behold them here, stained with your victim's blood! (*points to* Policeman, *who appears at door*, C., *with a dark bundle, besmeared with clay and blood*)

Jonas. Ah! (*falls senseless on the ground*)

Old M. Remove that guilty wretch.—Then follow me to my chambers—all—mark me, all! There is yet further villainy to bring to light. *Exeunt all but* Officers *and* Jonas, L.

1st Officer. Tom, get a coach. *Exit* 2nd Officer. Now, kinsman, get up.

Jonas. (*turning towards* Officer—*tremblingly*) Kinsman?

1st Officer. Aye—do you forget Chevy Slyme? Come—get up. (*raises him*)

JONAS. Can it be? Slyme, will you be my friend? Thrust your hand into my pocket—the breast-pocket, on the left.

1ST OFFICER. Well, what of this? (*pulling out purse*)

JONAS. There's a hundred pounds in that. Give me but five minutes in the next room.

1ST OFFICER. For what?

JONAS. No matter; I have it about me. A hundred pounds for only five minutes.

1ST OFFICER. I dare not.

JONAS. Speak; the time's passing. Five minutes.

1ST OFFICER. Are you guilty?

JONAS. Yes.

1ST OFFICER. You will say a prayer, or something of that kind?

JONAS. A prayer! Let me go—a minute—a moment! (JONAS *breaks from him, and rushes into chamber*, C.)

1ST OFFICER. (*running to door*, L.) Tom, look out! Keep your eye on the back. (*looks at the purse in his hand—then dashes it to the ground*) No, no; I'm wrong. Come back, come back, I say! (*he rushes into chamber, and drags out* JONAS, *who has his cravat off and is ghastly pale—he has a phial in his hand*) Help, help, Tom! Quick, quick!

JONAS. (*wildly*) Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis too late—'tis too late—'tis here—poison—poison! Ha, ha, ha! Done—done—by my own hand! Ha, ha, ha! They shall not hang me! Ha, ha, ha! (*falls into* OFFICER'S *arms—tableau*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Street* (*front grooves*).

Enter MRS. GAMP, L., *hastily, carrying umbrella and pattens.*

MRS. GAMP. I'm in a nice state of confugion. Half-a-dozen fresh young lively leeches on my temples wouldn't be too much to clear my mind. Well, he was born in a wale, and he lived in a wale—which, talking o' wales, I wish the murderous wretch was in Jonadge's belly.

Enter BAILEY, R.

BAILEY. Hollo, Sairah! I needn't ax how you've been this long time; you're in full bloom—all a-blowin' and a-growin'!

MRS. GAMP. Why, you young limb, I thought you was dead. They told me that you and Mr. Tigg's shay was knocked into ever so many bits. Then you are not dead?

BAILEY. No—I was only doubled up. I opened out like a two-fut rule next day, and now I'm righter than a trivet. Oh, there is sich a meetin' of the friends and relations of Old Martin Chuzzlewit at his chambers! Why, I hear as how the old feller's kicked the bucket.

MRS. GAMP. No, no—everybody's a-goin' about suppoging

that. It's not Old Martin; it's Jonadge and his father as is deceaged.

Enter MARK TAPLEY *and* MRS. LUPIN, L. 1 E.

TAPLEY. Ah, Mrs. Gamp! I was just wishing to see you. (*introducing* MRS. LUPIN) Mrs. Tapley as is to be—Nurse Gamp; Nurse Gamp—Mrs. Tapley as is to be.

MRS. GAMP. How do you do, mum? (*crossing to her*) My card, mum—monthly or otherwise, as you may at some futur' time feel dispoged—warranted to give satisfaction.

TAPLEY. Ha, ha, ha! Always an eye to business.

MRS. GAMP. Yes, sir. As Mrs. Harris says, "Bigenedge afore pledger, Sairah."

TAPLEY. You attended Lewsome, who sold Jonas Chuzzlewit the poison. A word with you about that affair. (*they retire*)

BAILEY. (*who has been eying* MRS. LUPIN, *struts up to her, cocks his hat, and sticks his hands on his sides—conceitedly*) Well, my fizzer, what d'ye think of the weather?

MRS. L. (*turns, and smiling, speaks very mildly*) Eh—did you speak, little boy?

BAILEY. (*starting away indignantly*) Wot? Oh, come—stash that. Wot a horrid perwersion of wision! Do you think I ain't got an 'art under this waistcoat as can admire sich a spicy 'un as you is—oh, no—not all! I'm blest if I doesn't start for your plate myself if t'other chap isn't dooly entered. (*kneeling*) Lovely syrup!

TAPLEY. (*turns suddenly, and sees* BAILEY *on his knees*) Hollo! (*advancing*) Why, you abject anatomy in boots and breeches, how dare you spread yonrself out into that mountebank absurdity? (*knocking him over*)

BAILEY. (*on the ground*) Wot's that for, stoopid? (*rising*) Mrs. Thingummy, lend me your parasol. Blest if I don't whack into him like one o'clock! (*snatches at* MRS. GAMP'S *umbrella—the frame-work and covering come off, leaving the stick in her hand*)

MRS. GAMP. Ah, the young wiper's expoged me to the elements! You young waggerbone—but it serves me right—it was but last night that Mrs. Harris says to me——

BAILEY. Oh, stow it, Sairey—you're always a pitching Mrs. Harris into us. I tell you wot it is, blest if I think there ever was a Mrs. Harris at all!

MRS. GAMP. (*with open mouth, and uplifted hands and eyes*) You bage imp of darkness! Have I know'd Mrs. Harris aperiently for five and thirty years, to be told that there aint no such a person livin', which her own dear sister's child, by her first husband, a master sawyer, is marked with a mad bull in Wellington boots, on account of her precious mother havin' been worretted by one into a shoemaker's shop, when in

a sittyvashun, which blessed is the man as has his quiver full of such! No Mrs. Harris, you young waggerbone!

MRS. GAMP *rushes on* BAILEY, *laying about her with the stick—drives* BAILEY *off*, L., *and follows him*—MARK TAPLEY *and* MRS. LUPIN *exeunt laughing.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Martin Chuzzlewit's Chambers in the Temple.*

TOM PINCH *discovered.*

PINCH. How singular a thing that I should come to London, and be engaged as clerk to Old Martin Chuzzlewit; that I should remain here so long, and not know it; and that he should appear here all of a sudden as though he was quite a young man again in intellect and strength, when I made sure he was dropping into his grave at Pecksniff's. To send for everybody, too, without saying what for—I can't understand it at all; I'm completely bothered! (*a double knock is heard*—PINCH *opens door*)

Enter MARK TAPLEY *and* MRS. LUPIN, C.

PINCH. (*speaking as entering*) Come in, my dear friends—come in. How glad I am to see you! Really, this is almost too much happiness!

TAPLEY. But, Mr. Pinch, there can be no truth in the report that Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit is no more? Are we not here to his invitation?

PINCH. Of course you are—and of course he's no more.

ALL. No more?

PINCH. (*smiling*) No more—what he was. He's changed—altered—a different man.

TAPLEY. Where is Mr. Chuzzlewit?

PINCH. Haven't a notion of that either; he's here, there, and everywhere. (*a loud knocking*, PINCH *again runs and opens door*)

Enter MARTIN *hastily*, C.

MARTIN. Not here? then I fear the report is too true! Pinch, my poor grandfather—is he no more?

PINCH. Nonsense again. He isn't no more—I mean he is no more—that is, I mean, let us have no more about his being no more. He's alive; 'tis his nephew, Jonas, who is dead.

MARTIN. Thank heaven! I thought this summons which I have received confirmed the report. I know that villain, Pecksniff, is hastening here in that belief. (*a knocking heard*)

TAPLEY. That's his knock, I dare say. I should like to give him a speciment of *my* knocking.

Enter PECKSNIFF, *pompously*, *door*, C.

PECK. Ah, you are here! I thought so—I may say, I fully anticipated this. Like feathered bipeds of prey, ye are gathered round the poor remains of my beloved friend! Such is human

nature. Alas! I can but weep for it! (*weeps*) Oh, Mammon, Mammon, how do I loathe ye!

MARTIN. (*aside to the rest*) Silence! let him proceed.

PECK. (*to* MARTIN) Viper! is that you? (*to* PINCH) Wolf! I see you! (*to* MARK TAPLEY) Bear! my eyes are not shut to your presence!

TAPLEY. If you give me any imperance, they soon *will be* though.

PECK. And what came ye here to seek? Shall I tell you? Ye think to have cause for rejoicing in the decease of the beloved old man; but learn your disappointment! He had found my worth. I washed away his doubts with my tears; and know, ye ravenous vultures, that I am sole executor.

MARTIN. Sole executor? Can it be possible!

PECK. I had brought his desk to town with me. Hearing of his death, I opened it, and found this will. (*shewing will*) Don't let your mercenary eye-balls brighten! There are no legacies —none!

TAPLEY. To whom then is the property left?

PECK. To a deserving object, young sir—to a humble individual, a very humble individual—to one who will value it, for the memory of the beloved defunct—who will expend it in charity and virtuous pursuits—bless virtue!—in drying the eyes of the afflicted—bless the afflicted!—and in mourning over hypocrisy and vice. It is myself I refer to. Now, wolves, wolves, look at me—and behold a justly rewarded, honest, upright man!

OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT *suddenly rushes on* C., *and knocks him down with a stick. Picture.*

OLD M. Liar! Drag him away! Take him out of my reach, or, I can't help it, I shall murder him!

TAPLEY. (*dragging* PECKSNIFF *away*) Give him time to repent and be jolly.

OLD M. Smooth-tongued, oily hypocrite! That will which I made in accordance with your unceasing importunities, I corrected by another, the moment your back was turned. Here it is, here it is! Do you know me as I am at last?

PECK. Beloved relative! I am in ecstacies to find—to feel you are still living! Bless you for striking me! I am not angry.

OLD M. Hear me, rascal! I am glad that you are here——

PECK. Bless you, sir!

OLD M. I have summoned you to witness that which shall be gall and wormwood to you. Martin, come to my arms, my dear boy! (*embraces him*) Why did we ever part? I know—I know—the fault was mine—obstinacy—selfishness—the banes of our family. Forgive me, boy! (*to* PECKSNIFF) Begone, sleek, fawning villain, and poison my sight no more!

PECK. Mr. Chuzzlewit, sir, you have partaken of my hospitality.

OLD M. And paid for it.

PECK. Thank you, sir. I was about to make the remark, you have deceived me, sir. Thank you again. There is hardly a person present in whom I have not been deceived. I have been struck this day with a walking-stick—which I have every reason to believe has knobs upon it—on that delicate and exquisite portion of the human anatomy, the brain. Several blows have been inflicted, sir, without a walking-stick, upon that tenderer portion of my frame, my heart. (*wipes his eyes*) But I forgive you all! (*to* OLD MARTIN) My Christian friends, farewell!

PECKSNIFF *runs against* MRS. GAMP, *who enters*, C., *crushing her large black bonnet quite flat.*

MRS. GAMP. Drat the feller! What the devil's he about?

PINCH. (*running to door*, C., *and opening it*) Here's the door open, sir. Go away; do, sir, please.

PECK. I will not think the worse of human nature for this. Bless you all—this kindness—it's too much! Bless you—bless you! Oh, oh, oh! *Weeps and exits, door*, C.

MRS. GAMP. Cus the feller! But he shall buy me another bonnet;—he has 'queeged this podgitibly into pap.

OLD M. Martin, my dear boy, you must now indulge me, by giving me your opinion of her whom I formerly intended for your wife.

Goes to door, R., *and hands forward* MARY GRAHAM.

MARTIN. (*starting*) Mary! Is this real? My dear Mary! (*embracing her*) Oh, sir, did you really intend this? Fool—fool that I was! Can you forgive me, sir?

OLD M. All is forgiven—all forgotten. My children, you are my heirs. (*joining their hands*)

MRS. GAMP. (*presenting card*) If you plege, mum—at a future time—if you should require the services of a hexperient nuss—plege not to forget Sairey Gamp.

OLD M. Worthy Tom Pinch, you shall be my steward; and in days to come, thy kind and gentle spirit may breathe upon the old church organ once again a grateful remembrance of the past.

MARY. All of our task that we have now to do,
Is, generous friends, to make appeal to you;
If you approve, our drama's aim is gained—
Through other's joy, our own is best obtained.

PINCH. R. OLD M. MARY. MARTIN. MRS. L. TAPLEY. L.

Curtain.

Programme of Scenery, Incidents, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—THE ARCHITECT'S REFECTORY.

Night and a Storm—an ill wind that blows nobody good—Affectionate Children—Thumps and bumps—"Is this an organ, Pa?" "Phrenologically speaking, it is not."

A DOMESTIC PARTY WITH TOM PINCH.

The amiable Architect—"We are all fellow creatures"—Awful intelligence—"Don't think of going out, Pa"—the Rich Man is dying—"Oh, I'll go directly."

SCENE 2.—APARTMENT IN THE BLUE DRAGON INN.

The Meddling Relative, and the Sick Man.

OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT ATTENDED BY MARY.

A testy old man and the designing relative—Never at a loss.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT BURNS THE WILL

Made in favour of his Nephew.

SCENE 3.—THE HIGH ROAD TO LONDON.

Parting between Tom Pinch and Mark Tapley—"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

SCENE 4.—PECKSNIFF'S DINING PARLOUR!

More Guests—Montague Tigg, Esq., on the look out for victims—Old birds not to be caught with chaff. Introduction of Martin Chuzzlewit, jun., to the Family!—A warm reception—"We cannot do too much for him."—Parental advice.

YOUNG MARTIN AND HIS NEW FRIEND TOM!!

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

A snug seat by the fire—"You're not cold, are you?—Oh, help yourself."—Old Martin appears in a new light—a proposal gladly accepted by Pecksniff—Turning the Tables—Martin, jun., ordered to march—not quite willing to do so—The hasty expression and

ATTACK UPON PECKSNIFF, AND FAMILY BATTLE.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—INTERIOR OF TODGERS' BOARDING HOUSE.

Bailey the Tiger—New and old Boots—a new comer—knowing winks—Tigg's new habits.

SCENE 2.—*THE LOVERS' MEETING PLACE.*

Vows of Love and Affection—a Faithful Servant—and good Guard—the Ring—the Farewell.

SCENE 3.—**PARLOUR AT ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT'S HOUSE.**

SCENE 4.—A STREET.

Mrs. Gamp, the Monthly Nurse, and the young scamp, Bailey—offer of a friendly drain.

SCENE 5.—**MONTAGUE TIGG'S DRESSING ROOM.**

The New Director of the New Assurance Company—More Directors required.

TIGG WHISPERS INTO THE EARS OF JONAS THE NAME OF HIS FATHER'S MURDERER.

Cowardice of the Villain—Jonas caught in his own snare—and compelled to agree with Tigg's proposals.

SCENE 6.—APARTMENT IN JONAS CHUZZLEWIT'S HOUSE.

The wretched Wife and savage Husband—his brutal behaviour to the unfortunate Mercy.

SCENE 7.—**THE DARK FOREST GLADE!!!**

THE MURDER!

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—PECKSNIFF'S PARLOUR.

The Architect in love after his fashion—his disappointment at Pinch's ungrateful conduct—Return of young Martin and Mark Tapley from America—Recital of hardships—a changed and humbled nature—devotion of Pecksniff—the Lovers—the Parting, and saddened hopes for the future.

SCENE 2.—A STREET.

How Jonas murdered his father.

SCENE 3.—HOUSE OF JONAS.

The throes of conscience—Sairey Gamp and her charge—Old Martin as himself again—full of exposure of the assassin—both Murders made clear as day—the handcuffs—a 100 guineas for a chance of suicide—bribe taken and too late repented—Jonas dies by his own hand.

SCENE 4.—*A STREET.*

Old Sairey and young Bailey—"No sich person as Mrs. Harris."—Bailey catches it.

SCENE 5.—CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE.

A slight mistake by the virtuous Pecksniff—the Dead alive—Tables turned on hypocrisy—Uncle and Nephew reconciled—a happy marriage—and "plege not to forget Sairey Gamp."

All of our task, that we have now to do,
Is, generous friends, to make appeal to you;
If you approve, our drama's aim is gained—
Through others' joy, our own is best obtained.

Costumes.

Pecksniff.—Long black frock coat, waistcoat, and trousers, white under waistcoat, high shirt collar.

Montague Tigg.—Shabby military frock, braided and frogged; hat, trousers, &c., in keeping. Immense moustache and long ragged hair. *2nd Dress*—Extravagant and elegant full dress.

Tom Pinch.—Round hat, modern antique coat, waistcoat, &c., high stock for neck.

Jonas Chuzzlewit.—Blue coat, check trousers, narrow-brimmed hat. *2nd Dress*—Black cloak, white hat with crape.

Anthony Chuzzlewit.—Old man's suit, very much worn.

Chuffey.—Ibid.

Mark Tapley.—Leggings, breeches, velveteen shooting coat, red handkerchief.

Martin Chuzzlewit.—Frock coat (fashionable), &c.

Old Martin Chuzzlewit.—Velvet skull cap and dressing gown. *2nd Dress*—Old man's suit of the present day.

Bailey.—Corduroy trousers, &c., green baize apron. *2nd Dress*—Light green frock, buckskin breeches, and boots.

Slyme *alias* Nadgett.—Very shabby old coat. Long frowsy red hair. *2nd Dress*—Black coat, trousers, &c. Hair rather grey.

Mary Graham.—Neat walking dress.

Mercy Pecksniff.
Charity Pecksniff. } Extravagant and fashionable dresses.

Mrs. Gamp.—Black gown, shawl, handkerchief, large poke bonnet.

Mrs. Lupin.—Plain dress, neat white apron. Cap with flowers.